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THE TREATY.

THE Emperor ALEXANDER's address to the nobility of Moscow forms one of the best commentaries on the peace which has just been ratified. The Imperial speech is manly, frank, and judicious; but its tone is throughout apologetic. No attempt is made to claim a triumph over the Western Powers, or to disguise the sacrifices which circumstances have rendered necessary. "Many of you," says the EMPEROR, "I am aware, regret that I should have so readily accepted the propositions made to me. It was my duty, as a man and as the head of a great empire, either to reject or accept them frankly. I have honourably and conscientiously fulfilled that duty. I am sure that allowances will be made for the difficult position in which I was placed, and that shortly every devoted friend of Russia will render justice to my views and intentions for the welfare of the country." No reasonable critic will blame a Sovereign who has so lately succeeded to the throne for nominally identifying his policy with that of his predecessor. "My father, of imperishable memory, had his reasons for acting as he did. I knew his views, and I adhere to them from my very soul; but the Treaty of Paris has obtained the object which it was his ambition to obtain, and I prefer this means to war." The same paragraph contains, however, an admission that the voice of neighbouring States had declared itself against the policy pursued by Russia of late years. It is not improbable that NICHOLAS himself may have seriously included, among the purposes of his aggression on Turkey, that security for his co-religionists which he could at any time have obtained by peaceful concert with the Great Powers; and in this respect, we can readily understand that the Emperor ALEXANDER should accept and adopt his father's professions. But he expressly repudiates any design of conquest, and he dwells at length on those commercial measures which, if they are prudently and boldly carried out, will far more than compensate Russia for the cost and loss of the recent struggle. On the part of the Allies, it was the very object of the war to effect the change of Russian policy which is now officially avowed. The restriction of the navigation of the Black Sea to commercial vessels, the securities provided for the freedom of the Danube, the abrogation of the treaties which had placed the Porte in a state of dependence upon Russia—these are the principal provisions of a Treaty which has not unworthily obtained the general assent of statesmen.

The storm has effectually cleared the air. For more than one generation, a cloud had been hanging over Turkey, and it was universally felt that, when it burst, the consequences of the shock would extend throughout Europe. It was fortunate that the desperate and awkward attempts of diplomacy, in 1853 and in 1855, to postpone the convulsion, totally failed; for a pacification which left the elements of disturbance in full operation would have neutralized all the efforts of the Western Powers. The Treaty of Paris is in substance, as well as in language, the termination of the contest; and any future war which may unhappily occur between the late belligerents will be founded on provocations of another kind, and will be carried on with a view to different objects. The fleet which enabled Count ORLOFF to dictate the secret treaty of Unkiar Skelessi rests beneath the waters of Sebastopol—the insidious stipulations of Akerman and Kainardji have been wholly annulled—and the Protectorate which so often afforded Russia an excuse for violating the frontier of the Principalities has been expressly renounced. The absence of enthusiasm with which the tidings of approaching peace were received in England admits of easy explanation. No combatant, in the full consciousness of vigour, and in the confident expectation of victory, willingly receives an intimation that "the king has thrown his warden down." Yet it would be difficult to sug-

gest any additional concession which could have been reasonably demanded from Russia; and, in fact, the terms which were so severely criticised as soon as it was known that they were accepted at St. Petersburg, had been far more favourably received when it was generally thought that they would be rejected.

The rectification of the Bessarabian frontier alone involves a large sacrifice on the part of Russia. The territory transferred to Moldavia comprises more than five hundred square miles, and includes, in addition to some strong places of secondary importance, the celebrated fortress of Ismail. The Russian Empire no longer either touches the Danube or extends to the mouth of the Pruth. The seventeenth article of itself records the success of the Western Alliance, by the mere enumeration of the States which are henceforth charged with the control of the great river, because it runs exclusively through their dominions. Austria, Bavaria, Wurtemberg, and Turkey will appoint a permanent Commission to superintend the navigation of the Danube. No hindrances, dues, or political quarantines are henceforward to embarrass the free circulation of commerce; and the bordering States, although they are entrusted with the administrative management of the river, will have no arbitrary power over its course. The arrangements respecting the Danube are guaranteed by all the contracting Powers as a portion of the public law of Europe. The revival and extension of the commercial intercourse which was interrupted by the war will concern the Principalities much more nearly than the question of a joint or separate political constitution; and there is little reason to fear that the nominal sovereignty of the SULTAN will interfere with the prosperity and civilization which are probably reserved for the granaries of Western Europe.

Unless the Treaty contains some secret clause, it seems that no express provision has been made for the suppression of the arsenal at Nicolaieff. The thirteenth Article is couched in argumentative and general terms, being founded on a recital that, in consequence of the neutralization of the Black Sea, the establishment of arsenals for the military marine on its shores becomes unnecessary and useless; and the EMPEROR and the SULTAN accordingly undertake that they will neither found nor maintain any such arsenal on those shores. According to the obvious interpretation of the words, no restriction is imposed on the maintenance of the existing establishments on the banks of the Bug. The words, *sur son littoral*, seem to limit the prohibition to the immediate neighbourhood of the sea; and although the reason assigned for the arrangement would apply to Nicolaieff as well as to Sebastopol, Russian statesmen will claim the narrowest construction for a limitation which must necessarily be galling to the national pride. It is not impossible, however, that the Congress may have provided some security for the attainment of an object which must have been virtually included in the original Austrian proposals. But, on the face of the Treaty, Russian diplomacy appears to have secured a not inconsiderable triumph.

No stipulation has been made against the restoration of the Circassian forts. The mountain tribes will suffer the consequences of their indifference to the cause of the Allies; for it is not probable that the breathing-time which the war has afforded them will permanently alter the conditions of the chronic frontier war. The forts along the coast will be gradually rebuilt, for the purpose of confining the highlanders to their mountains; but the Russian troops will long be unable to penetrate into the wooded fastnesses of the Caucasus. The light vessels which Russia is to maintain for the police of the Black Sea will doubtless renew the ambiguous blockade, or chain of customs-stations, by which foreign commerce has long been excluded from Circassia. In the absence of express stipulations, the Caucasus

is virtually recognised as a portion of Russia; for the mention of the EMPEROR and the SULTAN as the only littoral Powers on the Black Sea would seem to involve an admission that the Russian frontier commences where the Turkish territory ends. An arrangement less favourable to our late antagonist would have been more popular in England; but any attempt to interfere on behalf of the Circassians would have been impeded by difficulties both of form and of substance. Civilized States have long agreed to recognise only one another as capable of a political existence. Mountain tribes have no *locus standi* in diplomacy; and in the present instance, their chiefs had deliberately abstained from co-operating with the Western Powers. The presence of the allied squadrons caused the abandonment of the forts on the coast—their removal leaves the Russians at liberty to retake them if they have the power, and the Circassians to keep them if they can. Neither England nor France can pretend to any direct interest of their own in the settlement of the question.

The provisions of the Treaty and its annexes for the political condition of Turkey and of its dependencies, may be considered highly satisfactory. The opportunity of abolishing the ancient conventions with Russia would alone have constituted a justification for the declaration of war by the Porte; and henceforth neither the Christians within the Ottoman Empire nor the inhabitants of the great outlying provinces will be enabled or compelled to admit the interference of a foreign protector. The Ministers of the Sultan have prudently renewed the concession of the privileges which had been held by Moldavia, Wallachia, and Servia, under a mixed title, compounded of the original capitulations and of the provisions of Russian treaties. From the date of the present pacification, the Principalities will possess the guarantee of the Great Powers, not only for their virtual independence, but for a liberal constitution; and though it may be doubted whether a representative system will flourish between the two most powerful despotisms in Europe, Turkey, at least, will offer no obstacle to the political development of the Danubian provinces.

The peace will be durable if the Emperor ALEXANDER perseveres in the prudent policy which he has announced at Moscow. It may be a work of time to introduce internal reforms into the Russian empire, and the efforts hitherto made to introduce the higher class of manufactures have for the most part been premature; but there need be no delay in the extension of commercial relations with foreign countries. No part of the world is more favourably situated than Russia for the attainment of economical prosperity, for a vast amount of virgin soil lies in close proximity to the cheap labour of an orderly, industrious, and ingenious population. England, Belgium, France, and Switzerland will be ready to buy Russian commodities, and to sell their own; and the removal of prohibition duties and of arbitrary quarantines will rapidly promote the commercial intercourse which no Government will willingly interrupt. Alarmists and foreboders of evil may, if they will, look for subjects of anxiety in other quarters of the world; but history seldom repeats itself; and the quarrel with Russia, which has now been settled, may probably never revive.

THE NAVAL REVIEW.

THOUGHTFUL people, in August 1853, were not quite satisfied with the spirit in which the public viewed the great naval display at Spithead. With something of Oriental superstition, they dreaded the Evil Eye. They remembered XERXES and his melancholy moralizing on the instability and uncertainty of human glory. And to some extent their forebodings have been fulfilled. The swagger and ostentation of that great day received a wholesome check—the expectations which were then indulged were doomed in some sense to fail. It was thought that the extent and completeness of our preparations might prevent the European war, then imminent. But disappointment followed, and the conflagration burst out. Moreover, what might have been reasonably, and actually was, anticipated of immediate and complete success, was not realized. The dogs of war were let slip, but the chase was never fairly afoot. NICHOLAS ran to earth, and we never succeeded in bringing him to bay. Our gigantic armament was useful only as a blockading squadron. We effectually crippled Russia—more completely, we believe, by sea than by land—but in a way which, though practical enough, was sadly deficient, not in solid success, but in all that makes the pomp and circumstance of glorious war. Our huge broadsides have been scarcely fired—those tons of

metal have not dealt their iron storm of death and destruction. We have conquered; but it has been rather, so far as our fleets are concerned, by maintaining the sullen attitude of a protracted siege, than by the animating assault of ships in line of battle and by boarding-pikes. With the very finest navy that the world ever saw, we have concluded a war which has cost us fifty thousand men and a hundred millions of money, without a single memento of the First of June or of Trafalgar, or even a bombardment on a large scale.

This may account for the very different temper of the spectators of the naval reviews of 1853 and 1856. Our present sea-captains, it must be admitted, had no great cause to be in the best of tempers on Wednesday. It is not in human, certainly not in marine, tempers to look at the peace with unmixed satisfaction. There was patriotism enough in every bosom afloat, but it was patriotism of a high, sullen, austere sort; and on the whole the actual reflected the moral aspect of the thing. There was completeness, power, magnificence, science, and strength, beyond the possibility of criticizing. All was admirably planned and provided for. Every element of national glory converged into one superb whole of splendour and success. All that the resources of empire, all that science, art, nature, lavish expense, and careful thought could do, was done. The QUEEN and Royalty in their most royal array—the rulers of the land, Lords and Commons—were in official attendance. The programme was most skilfully arranged and completely executed—the day was gorgeous—ten miles of shore, and twice ten miles of sea, were alive with enthusiastic crowds of those whose personal interest, and even personal share, in past sacrifices and sufferings had ungrudgingly contributed to create this splendid scene. The review was a success, and a complete one. Yet *surgit amari aliquid*. It was not without certain serious, if undignified abatements, and it had enough of dislocation and jar to mar its completeness. Some awkward hitches occurred—official blunders ominously re-appeared. The Estates of the Realm were shouldered out of the review, and thus some moral elements were, by one of those accidents which look like hints, neutralized. Private enterprise, as represented by the commercial companies and their ships, displayed an exactness of organization in which authority failed. Everybody remarked that the *Black Eagle* burned coal, and that the Admiralty steamer violated the Admiralty orders. Some combinations broke down. The *Manilla* and *Atrato* were in their places—the *Transit* and *Perseverance* succeeded in forging a chain of blunders and mischances. It was the old story over again. Officials went wrong. The gallant PREMIER himself was, it is said, twice taken into custody for violating the inviolable maxims of the platform. Even the railway and its trains broke down; and what began under the best auspices—and, indeed, succeeded in its main objects—died off, so far as the sight-seers were concerned, in a chaos of difficulties, confusion, and inconvenience.

The lesson is a wholesome one. We may and must command success in every great object of national endeavour, but we must put up with drawbacks. Her MAJESTY'S faithful Commons have been taught by personal experience that large and complex arrangements are liable to get out of gear, or to be frustrated by contemptible little disturbing causes. A day at Spithead may teach Senatorial critics not to expect minute and faultless perfection in the Euxine and the Baltic. They have rehearsed a campaign in the varied features of a single day's sight-seeing. When they were all stranded at the head of Southampton Water, they might profitably think of the inaction in the Baltic; and, sorely vexed and grumbling when left miles astern of the *Victoria* and *Albert*, certain fiery spirits might profitably ponder on that ugly turn in human affairs which has left Fort Constantine and Cronstadt unscathed by British broadsides. The moral is unmistakeable.

If, however, the annoying little failures and break-downs repeat but too exactly the imperfect successes of the late war, the large solid grandeur of the review as closely represents the vast results of the struggle. The disappointments were exasperating and annoying, because simply personal and petty. The wasp stung the lion—but the lion, though a little chafed, has roared his best and loudest, and is undisputed master of the field. We have had a hint that we are not quite infallible—the great law of failure in all human things has been suggested. As a whole, the triumph is unassailable, and it tells most on those external to it. The annoyance is domestic—the lesson is to the

world. A fleet of nearly three hundred ships of war—fifty thousand men, and almost four thousand guns—a broadside of ninety solid tons of metal—if these are not most incontrovertible demonstrations of victory and empire, as certain as the laws of mathematical truth, then is certainty unknown to man. Not a single accident, not the minutest deficiency in equipment and training, not the slightest derangement of machinery, not even a solitary misconception in the scientific manœuvres of the day, marred the perfect unity of the fleet. The very grandeur of the review had in it something almost awful—its moral transcends even its material completeness. War has been proved to be the most reliable guarantee for peace. Either hemisphere may learn that we can only secure peace by habitual readiness for war. With such a fleet at our command, the unwelcome lesson forces itself upon us, that our naval resources must be preserved, at whatever cost, in a perfect state of efficiency. In the great rivalry of nations, supremacy must not only be won, but sustained. The distinguishing feature of this review, compared with that of 1853, apart from its superior extent, is the presence of the gun-boat fleet. One solitary deficiency found us out—for want of this one element the fleet of 1853 was practically paralysed. We were all but perfect; yet the single blot was hit, and for lack of one beggarly horse-shoe nail, the horse did not indeed founder, but certainly lagged in his journey. We have, it may be, lost about fifty millions because it did not occur to us to spend one million at the right moment. We have done well—we might have done better—we ought to have done better—we shall do better next time—such, in familiar language, is the universal feeling. The popular sentiment is an honourable and a noble one. It represents the single dash of reserve, the one check to unmitigated pride, the useful abatement of swagger and vapouring, which ought to characterize the putting-off our armour. And it will tell as profitably upon others as upon ourselves. Had the triumph of the late war been violent and instant, we might have collapsed into national apathy, and foes or rivals might have calculated upon our permanent torpor. But our present temper is of the very ugliest to provoke or trifle with. There is just that spice of, not irritation, but irritability, in the national spirit, which will render the lords of the Spithead fleet, as the phrase is, awkward customers. We can afford to be calm—everybody “slightly riled” always is calm, and doubtless we are calm—but on this St. George’s Day, 1856, we have not been backward in muttering the old Scotch motto, *Nemo me impune*. It is with something of a slam that we close the gates of Janus. No doubt, the coming fireworks will be popular, but chiefly because we sniff the gunpowder. There is not a captain or seaman in the fleet who did not think on Wednesday of a shotted broadside.

However, let us close our retrospect with thoughts of good omen. The past is no regrettable one. The last great naval review at Spithead, on the conclusion of peace, inaugurated a real peace of unparalleled duration, and a new era for all the arts of industry. After 1814, the land had rest forty years—all Europe sank exhausted into what has proved an age of blessing to the great family of nations. Surely, at the present moment of triumph, without a single fibre of national energy wrung, without a single channel of commercial industry choked, we can justly look forward to a greater future than that which followed the visit of the Allied Sovereigns to Portsmouth forty-two years ago. If such a peace followed such a war, what peace may we not anticipate from this war? Wednesday’s spectacle proves to the whole world that we are more unassailable than we should be were our whole seaboard crested with a triple wall of brass. England is little inclined, as a matter either of taste or policy, to undertake a war of aggression; and heavy will be the responsibility—and it is a responsibility not likely to be accepted—on those who may have the temerity to challenge us to another war in vindication of the liberties of mankind.

THE LANGUAGE OF PARTY.

THERE are few greater sights than a public man attacked by a Newspaper. The spectacle has the same strange fascination about it which appears to have attended the combats of the Roman amphitheatre; and, for our part, we would quite as willingly see the *Times* engaged with Lord LUCAN as a rhinoceros baited by wild boars, or a camelopard fighting with a boa-constrictor. A man who gave his whole attention to this description of contest would end

by becoming passionately enamoured of it. Like the amateur in ALEXANDRE DUMAS’ novel who passed his life in travelling to see people broken on the wheel, and who got to be profoundly discriminating as to the merits of the different practitioners, our Constant Reader would learn to be a curious critic of the style of each public instructor, and of the mode in which it disposes of a victim. Probably, he would give the palm to the *Times*, which artistically hits its criminal on all the most sensitive parts, and never finishes him till it has inflicted the greatest possible amount of pain. The *Examiner* would strike him as being a first-rate operator, rather rusty with old age; and, indeed, the most melancholy impressions of the decay of its powers are conveyed to every one who watches it at work on a delinquent clergyman. The *Daily News* has a heavy hand, but strikes wildly, and is apt to mangle the patient. The *Morning Post* seldom gives one an opportunity of observing its skill. It piously asks forgiveness of the condemned man, as if there wasn’t a chance for him, but a reprieve always comes before the first blow is struck. But the professed organs of the Opposition are by far the most curious study in this line. Their articles have a sort of fossil interest; for here we have the sole extant specimens of a style of attack which was once universal, but which would be absolutely extinct if it were not for the *Morning Herald*, the *Standard*, and (on occasion) the *Press*. After a very few days’ attention, one comes to understand completely the principle on which Party Vituperation proceeds. Generally speaking, every moral or intellectual defect implies some good or tolerable quality in another part of the organization. A frivolous man is rarely obstinate. A dull man is seldom reckless. But Party Abuse has this distinctive characteristic—it first imputes evil, and then formally denies the good which that evil may be supposed to carry with it. If it calls a man a fool, it expressly denies that he is honest or well-meaning. If it charges you with being a rascal, it is careful to say that you are not in the least clever or dexterous. It is, in short, the fruit of a hate so blind as to be afraid of the admissions with which it suspects its own evil-speaking to be pregnant. It will not even allow the laws of human nature to tempt it into charity towards an opponent.

“The wonderful works which will chiefly illustrate Sir Robert Peel’s name,” wrote the *Morning Herald* the other day, “are the Bank Charter Act and the Repeal of the Corn-Laws. His more criminal deeds, the Roman Catholic Relief Bill and Maynooth, were not the promptings of his own mind; they were the extorted concessions of a soul which had no real firmness. He had studied the thing called Political Economy, and fancied he understood it.” We merely quote this queer mixture of ferocity and twaddle for the sake of what follows. “What,” the writer proceeds, “was his success? Or, rather, what was his failure?” Nothing can be more amusing than this indication of the course of thought in the Tory journalist’s mind. As soon as he had written the word “success,” it struck him that he had made a damaging admission—though, in fact, he was denying that Sir ROBERT PEELE had succeeded at all. He became afraid that success was far too complimentary a term to apply in any manner to the Bank-Charter Act or Corn-Law Repeal, and upon this he instantly protected himself against the supposed ambiguity, by changing “success” into “failure.” In truth, the imperfection of language, as a vehicle of abuse, is the great difficulty with which these writers have to contend. The very morning after we read the passage just quoted, we found the *Morning Herald* grappling violently with the absurd notion that Lord PALMERSTON had ever been zealous in the prosecution of the war. “We always said,” exclaimed the *Herald*, “that his reputation was a delusion, and that he was the animating spirit of Lord ABERDEEN’s Government.” So far, well; but, unfortunately, just at this moment the reflection flashed across the writer’s mind, that it would never do to allow Lord PALMERSTON the credit of being anything so good as an “animating spirit,” and accordingly in the very next sentence, we are told that “he was the feeble and plausible instrument in the hands of worse and abler men.” Perhaps, however, the most startling instance of this peculiar anxiety to avoid eulogizing, even by inference or innuendo, is furnished by some remarks on the President of the Board of Trade, whose proposed measures appear to the *Morning Herald* Utopian and original. Originality, however, is a characteristic prized by some people, and so the journalist formally regrets that Lord STANLEY OF ALDERLEY is not distinguished by some “modicum of stupidity, a particle of dulness and density, which might not only help him to

motion, like lead to a pendulum, but form a relief to so much inert and monotonous brilliancy." It is instructive to compare this picture of the PRESIDENT of the BOARD OF TRADE with the impressions of the VICE-PRESIDENT entertained by the *Press*. Not very long ago, we read an article which began by vehemently denying that Mr. LOWE had ever made a speech worth listening to, or written a line worth reading, or introduced a measure above contempt; and then it went on to affirm that he had never been in the least distinguished in Australia, and that all Australia were astonished at the notice he obtained in England. It never occurred to the writer that his readers would ask how in the world Mr. LOWE, under such circumstances, came to be honoured by a furious attack in the columns of the *Press*?

The journals of the Opposition are perpetually preaching to us that the cure of all existing evils in government and administration lies in a recurrence to the habits and organization of Party. It is well, therefore, to know what, at a period of Party conflict, is likely to be the universal language of political criticism. And, doubtless, there are some persons to whom these truculent absurdities appear less hateful than the infamies of which the newspaper press is sometimes guilty during a suspension of Party feeling. It might be urged that these violent imputations, only half believed by those who advance them, command even less respect from those who read them, and that there is a sort of conventional deduction made by every man from the villany and incompetency with which his political opponents are daily charged by the journalists of his party. Such a deduction, it might be said, is far from certain to be made at such times as the present, when faction is virtually in abeyance; so that private and public character, though treated more gently in appearance, may, in reality, be much less effectually protected against injustice and malice. We are far from denying that the tyranny of newspaper writers and newspaper correspondents may become so intolerable that any remedy may be worth snatching at; but matters must indeed have come to a terrible pass before we would willingly surrender ourselves to the domination of Party, if it is to bring, among its ordinary incidents, such a style of newspaper criticism as that which we have endeavoured to illustrate. We have too much faith in truth and common sense to believe that they can be outraged with impunity; and we doubt not that there are many drawbacks, not easily seen till they are actually experienced, to counterbalance the supposed advantages of a system which permits everybody with whom you do not agree to be painted as a prodigy of incapacity, a miracle of folly, or a monster of crime. As journalists ourselves, we have, moreover, the strongest reason for deprecating a return to the habits of Faction. The writers who do its work are obviously themselves debased by it. The newspapers of the Opposition display very different degrees of taste, ability, and cultivation; but still it is a significant fact that the journalists who most unhesitatingly and most systematically employ the Language of Party are exactly those who have become a proverb in the English press for the most childish imbecility and the most disgraceful ignorance.

KARS.

IT is not improbable that the Peace will be generally accepted as involving a condonation of the blunders of the war. Three months since, a debate on the mismanagement of the Asiatic campaign would unquestionably have aroused the country, and endangered the Ministry; but it is not always easy to concentrate the attention of Parliament and the public on matters which have ceased to have an urgent practical interest, and the gravest disasters have seldom provoked any formidable retrospective censure. When an entire army was sacrificed in Afghanistan to the gross incapacity of its leaders, the Ministry of the day contrived to stave off discussion as premature, until remonstrance and regret had become obsolete. In foreign affairs and in military transactions, the practical responsibility of the Government seldom coincides with the established doctrines of the Constitution; and though foreign theorists have often assumed that the jealousy of a representative body hampers and restrains the vigour of the Executive, the truth is that the instinct of a free people generally inclines them to an amnesty for miscarriages which have ceased to be dangerous. In the present instance, it is also felt that where two equal confederates have combined in the prosecution of a war, it is difficult to institute a separate inquiry into the conduct of a single member of the alliance. The causes which

led to the fall of Kars, irrespective of the incapacity of the Turkish Government, were both political and military; and it is possible that the fortress might have been abandoned even if no fault had been committed by English Ministers or Generals.

The attempt to throw the exclusive blame on the British Ambassador at Constantinople necessarily miscarried. A diplomatic agent can never be directly responsible to the country, except where his official employers have disavowed his acts; and the correspondence published in the Blue-book would never have been laid before Parliament, if it had shown that it was possible for Lord STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE to disobey the instructions of his Government and yet to retain his post. The head of a great department is armed with power to repress insubordination, without asking assistance from public opinion, and the general who complains that his officers have failed to carry out his orders confesses his own unfitness for command. It appears, however, that Lord CLARENDON has no reason to be ashamed of the transactions at Constantinople for which he is now responsible. The Ambassador may have displayed a want of temper and of courtesy in his dealings with General WILLIAMS, but he never lost an opportunity of pressing the wants of the Anatolian army on the attention of the Turkish Ministry. Neither Lord STRATFORD nor Lord CLARENDON could issue direct orders to the servants of the Porte; and stronger remonstrances than those which urged the relief of Kars have never been addressed to a friendly Government. It is possible, moreover, that if Parliament were entitled to inquire into the conduct of the Ottoman functionaries, something might be said in excuse for the apparent apathy which resulted in ruinous inaction. The Allies had thought proper to employ the Turkish army in operations which have, up to the present moment, remained wholly unintelligible, and it was evident that OMAR PASHA and his troops were neither trusted by the French and English Generals, nor allowed to act independently. The enthusiasm which had extemporised an Ottoman army at the commencement of the war was chilled by the subordinate position assigned to the national forces; while causes which have yet to be explained were allowed to delay the disbursement of the loan. It is useless to ask whether the obstacles to action in Asia might not have been overcome. The SULTAN and his advisers are not responsible to the House of Commons; and even Lord STRATFORD, who has often been vilified by the enemies of England as the virtual sovereign of Turkey, is sometimes compelled to accept formal promises, and to acquiesce in official excuses. No eloquence or force of reasoning could compel an unwilling officer to advance from Erzeroum to Kars.

One effectual resource remained in the hands of the Allies, but not at the exclusive disposal of the English Government. The inquiry, however, whether OMAR PASHA could have been spared to take the command in Asia, would involve an unseasonable and impracticable investigation into the conduct of the campaign in the Crimea. The Turkish Generalissimo, whose military experience and reputation were at least equal to those of his colleagues in command, strongly urged the withdrawal of his army from the inglorious occupation of Eupatoria for offensive movements in Georgia or Armenia; and it is certain that the success of his proposal would have compelled MOURAVIEFF to raise the siege of Kars. But it is possible that, had his opinion been acted upon, some inconvenience might have been experienced in the prosecution of the siege of Sebastopol; and such at least was the positive opinion of the French and English Commanders-in-Chief. General PELISSIER and General SIMPSON earnestly opposed the intended operation; and the English General wrote to urge upon Lord STRATFORD the necessity of counteracting the influence of OMAR PASHA in the Divan. It is true that General MANSFIELD, an accomplished soldier who acted as military adviser to the Ambassador, entirely differed from the French and English commanders as to the expediency of the proposed diversion; but the consent of the Allies was requisite before the Turkish army could be withdrawn from the Crimea, and it was necessary that the resources of the English transport service should be available for the conveyance of the troops to Asia. In these discussions several months were wasted; and when OMAR PASHA eventually landed at Redout Kaleh, the diversion was too late, and too remote. General MOURAVIEFF, on the first intelligence of the expedition, made that bold attack on the fortress the repulse of which covered the heroic garrison and its foreign leaders with glory; but when the desperate assault proved abortive, the besieger

continued obstinately to wait for his prey without regard to his distant enemy. The eventual surrender of the place, and the retreat of the Turkish army to the coast, fully justified the prudent firmness of MOURAVIEFF. Three months earlier, the garrison would have profited by the diversion, whether the Russian General had remained within his lines to be attacked, or had marched to meet the enemy; yet it may be doubted whether the Allies had the power of doing more, although it is certain that no measures could have been more inefficient than those which were actually adopted.

We have yet to learn what defence can be alleged for the unaccountable delays which occurred in the administration of the loan; but it is not certain that, even with funds in their possession, the Turkish Ministers would have provided a sufficient relieving force. The Contingent now stationed at Kertch might have been competent to perform the duty, but unfortunately it was not organized in time. It is undeniable that the responsibility of detaining the Ottoman Generalissimo and his forces in the Crimea rests primarily upon the French and English commanders; and even if their judgment was erroneous, the allied Governments are not necessarily to be blamed for failing to overrule the officers entrusted with the safety of their armies. That a great strategical or political blunder was committed it would be idle to dispute; for the result is that, at the end of a war in which Russia was greatly overmatched, the CZAR is able to boast with truth of one decisive success. As, however, the misfortune which has occurred cannot possibly be talked away, it would be wiser to congratulate ourselves on the limited influence which it has exercised on the position of the belligerents, than to dwell unnecessarily on transactions which tend so little to the credit of the losers. If any occasion of a quarrel with Russia should unfortunately recur, Western statesmen will deserve just censure if they fail to profit by the experience of former failures.

The leaders of the Opposition in the House of Commons naturally confine their attention to that part of the question which furnishes materials for an attack on the Ministry. The selection of Mr. WHITESIDE as their organ indicates an intention of making the assault sharp, bitter, and personal; but there will, perhaps, be no division, and it is scarcely probable that the Government will be exposed to the risk of a defeat. Kars is not Maynooth, and members are at liberty to vote according to their conscientious judgment of the public interests. Whatever may be the dangers to which Lord PALMERSTON'S Cabinet is exposed, it will at least not devolve on a successor to lay before Parliament the terms of the treaty concluded at Paris. A satisfactory peace will be deemed sufficient to cover any past shortcomings; and if, on the other hand, public expectation should be disappointed by the terms of the pacification, the House of Commons will have more pressing subjects for discussion than the conduct of the war in Asia.

It is easy to be provident after the event. The false economy of neglecting the military capabilities of the Turks while we were fighting their battles, would by this time be transparent, even if it had not led to the disaster of Kars. General WILLIAMS and his companions showed at how small a cost a few English officers, properly supported, could have avoided or retrieved the misfortunes of the army of Anatolia. No soldiers excel the Turks in bravery, in docility, or in patience under fatigue and hardships. The troops of the Contingent, receiving a fraction of the pay necessary for Englishmen, were at least equal, man for man, to the forces they were intended to oppose; and in two or three years it would have been easy to raise a native army of 100,000 men, with officers who would neither have cheated nor starved their troops, and who would assuredly not have deserted them in battle. Indian experience ought not to be lost on Englishmen. The Turk is harder and bolder than the Mussulman of Eastern Asia, nor would he be less willing to follow European leaders. It is not likely, however, that Mr. WHITESIDE will bring topics of this kind under the notice of the House of Commons; and in criticizing past transactions, he would, even if he wished to be just, find it impossible to take all the elements of the question into consideration.

INTELLECTUAL CONSERVATISM.

AT first sight, it does not seem difficult to be a Conservative. The *status quo* is a plain creed—you have to discover nothing, and to invent nothing. Very heavy men have been able to say, *Nolumus leges Angliæ mutari*. Yet, when the matter is more carefully looked at, we may see

reason to change our opinion. Father NEWMAN used to teach at Oxford that true opinions might become false because of the *manner* of holding them. He viewed—or seemed to view—truth as a succession of perpetual oscillations, like the negative and positive signs of an alternate series, in which you were constantly more or less denying or affirming the same proposition; and he deemed it certain that a person who unthinkingly rested at the beginning of the series, although he affirmed the truth, might really be further from it than the thoughtful inquirer, some steps on, who actually denied it. The realization—such was the creed of those days—which you gained in the process of inquiry, and which was on the point of bringing you to more effectual belief, was more than a compensation for the error of the momentary denial. And, whatever may be the inference from these severe metaphysics as to the mind of the inquirer himself, there is no doubt that, as to those around him, and among whom he desires to diffuse his belief, his power of so doing is directly proportioned to his realization of what he holds, to his insight into its features and principles—to his mastery of it. The very plainness of the Conservative creed is here a difficulty. People in the country fancy they understand it. A rural dinner-party is rarely remarkable for adventurous conversation, but a good opinion-extractor will not have the least difficulty in eliciting from the average inhabitant—squire or rector—an admission that he knows why what is ought to be; and if you try to show an oddness in anything, the sentiment of society will be against you. If we look at the political party, the traces of the fact are evident. We do not speak of the leaders. The final cause of Mr. DISRAELI is the “great Asian mystery” that is not yet revealed—his partiality for the Caucasian and ancient races has drawn him back to “the times before morality.” When a man is infinitely above having an opinion, it would be illogical to inquire how he holds that opinion. But take the average follower of this great man—any member of the plain and simple party which resisted Catholic Emancipation, which clove to Protection, which hates Maynooth, which could not understand Sir ROBERT PEEL—of how few can even the most partial friend maintain that they really know what they are holding—that they have sounded the complicated depths of English society—that they understand the traditional maxims which they repeat—that they appreciate and comprehend the nice adjustment of the institutions which they would risk their lives to uphold. Their plain intellect seems unequal, their simple temperament seems opposed, to so elaborate an investigation. Does not the very fact of their being led by Mr. DISRAELI at once evince that they do not themselves possess that full mastery of principles which is necessary for their argumentative exposition—that they scarcely appreciate the moral thoughtfulness which accompanies careful and rational conviction?

Looking back to the past fortunes and history of this great party, we observe two great sentiments or feelings which have in great part—sometimes worthily, and sometimes unworthily—supplied the place of intellectual conviction. The first is the old Cavalier feeling of loyalty—the belief that all existence is a *regium donum*—that the very fact of doubt or inquiry is a misdeed—that the first duty of life is to accept that which is given, because of the king from whom it comes. Traces, few and faint, of this feeling may still be discerned among us, especially among those to whom a happy organization gives a daily enjoyment. In old customs and ancient associations it would not be difficult to show the vestiges of this curious and often noble feeling. It can, however, at least in that form, be only looked on as a great thing of the past. When once the change in politics is made from the one heaven-appointed monarch to a divided, shifting, constitutional system, the romance of royalty passes away—we are governed by a cabinet, and who ever found sentiment for a managing Committee?

Another feeling of a different kind is that which animates what they call on the Continent the Party of Order. This is nothing more or less than fear. It finds expression in excellent sentences as to the safety of society, the protection of the “results of ages;” but when you analyse it, it simply comes to this,—that those who feel it dread that their shop, their house, their life—not so much their physical life as their whole mode and sources of existence—will be destroyed and cast away. The English Tory party, at the end of the last century, shared largely in this sentiment. The French Revolution terrified mankind all

through the period which ARNOLD called "the misused trial-time of modern Europe." The old cavalier feeling had been gradually melting down into a simple acquiescence in a comfortable existence. The whole life of the higher classes—as it remains to us in books, so agreeable that we can hardly blame what they describe—was a succession of careless enjoyments. They accepted that which was given them—and well they might accept it; for on few generations have the comforts of intellectual cultivation been bestowed in so large measure, and so unchecked by the cares and evils which, in most days, as in ours, that cultivation at once reveals. It is not necessary to say how the danger was speedily revealed. The "French volcano," as Sir ARCHIBALD ALISON always terms it, soon burst, and brought on, among other effects, Lord ELDON—the man who objected to volcanoes. He was the chief of the party of order at that time. The mass of the people lived in fear that any alteration—anything touching the crust of outward existence—might bring on an eruption. Lord ELDON told them it would bring on an eruption, but if they would keep him Chancellor, there should be no eruption. He held up the Court of Chancery to mankind, and said, "While that moves slowly you are safe—accelerate it and you are lost." No generation more closely observed the sign which was given them. The history of England for thirty years is the history of a craven maintenance of misunderstood institutions. The consequence—the nearly fatal—consequence of this has been admitted by those most likely to form a contrary judgment. "A few more drops," said the *Quarterly Review*, "of Eldonine, and we should have had the People's Charter." Nothing, indeed, could have been more likely to foster an all-destroying Radicalism than the consecutive omnipotence of the two most contemptible Conservatisms—first, of the careless enjoyment which does not regard the evil of others—next, of a shrinking terror when the possible personal consequences of that evil are suddenly comprehended.

It would be very unjust to cast on any portion of the Conservatives of the present day any great share in either of these reproaches. A spirit of earnestness has gone out into society, which forbids the diffusion of reckless and selfish enjoyment. The high-minded pluck of the English gentleman detests the Conservatism of fear. But it yet can hardly be said that we possess a Conservatism of reflection—at least we do not possess it in the degree which we should. How few, even of those who are most anxious to claim the title, have a real mastery of the reasons, a real familiarity with the moral grounds—to say nothing of the political consequences—of the existing state of things! How few could satisfy a fair and candid objection! How few of the vaunted arguments which are paraded before minds already convinced would do in the face of an enemy—in the face of those who doubt! How little toleration is there for the refinements of necessary reasoning—for the complexities of political investigation! How strong a tendency to exact a narrow consistency of result, in place of a statesmanlike consideration of problems—a wise and patient weighing of facts. Nor is this a mere party misfortune. It is not because we deem our institutions perfect that we regret the defects of the Conservative party—our grounds are national. To a great extent, every Liberal is now a Conservative. That moral and intellectual state—that predominance of the politically intelligent—that gradual training of the politically unintelligent—that unity of order and freedom which it is the aim of Liberalism to produce, already exists. Yet our institutions are daily assailed by the "uneasy classes"—by the lovers of correct bureaucracy, all-involving democracy, and quickly striking despotism. In the face of questioning classes, every unthinking Conservative endangers what he defends—he is a vexation to the Liberal, and a misfortune to his country.

COUNT WALEWSKI'S SPEECH.

IF the version of the speech delivered by Count WALEWSKI in the Conferences, on the 8th of April, and published by the *Daily News* of yesterday, is genuine, it explains the statement that the Italian question was first submitted to the Congress by the French Plenipotentiary. It appears from that document to be literally true that the assembled diplomatists were invited to take into consideration, among several other topics, the notorious misgovernment of Rome and of Naples; but Count BULZ could scarcely have desired that an unwelcome subject should be introduced in a man-

ner which afforded greater facilities than that adopted by the French Minister for declining to take it into consideration. Of five proposals infelicitously combined in a single address, two at least were necessarily unpalatable to England, and one of them was alarming to Prussia. Austria had nothing to do with the misgovernment of Greece; and it may be doubted whether even Count CAYOUR attached any peculiar value to a vague intimation of a desire to evacuate Rome when all the purposes of the intervention should have been secured by some other means. The Catholic potentates of Europe will receive with some surprise the announcement that the French EMPEROR is most proud of the title of Eldest Son of the Church. The BOURBONS with their pedigree of eight hundred years, might claim, without dispute, a kind of lay ecclesiastical primacy which corresponded with their recognised rank among legitimate Sovereigns; but NAPOLEON succeeded rather to the power than to the orthodoxy of his royal predecessors, and if, on the one hand, he re-established the Church in his dominions, on the other hand, he converted Rome into a French department, administered by a Prefect, in the place of the captive POPE. The sacrifices which Austria has lately made in favour of the Holy See might seem to give the House of HAPSBURG a plausible claim to any honorary precedence which may be established among Roman Catholic Sovereigns; but questions of this kind may safely be left to those whom they more immediately concern. The oppressed inhabitants of the Papal States will hope little from a protector who, as the eldest-born of the Church, prefers the maintenance of the Papal domain to the preservation of Italian freedom.

Having referred to Greece and to Rome, the French Foreign Minister "felt prompted to inquire" whether the Neapolitan Government might not beneficially perpetrate some exceptional act of clemency. The objection to the system of dungeons and bastinados of course consists in its alleged tendency to defeat the very object which it is intended to secure. "Instead of restraining the enemies of order, the system had for its effect to weaken the Governments which acted upon it, and to augment the number of the partisans of demagogues." In other words, the imprisonment of POERIO is censurable because it may possibly tend, at some future time, to shake the throne of his implacable oppressor. The fears affected by diplomatists might serve as hopes to console the sufferers whom the anticipation of such a result would convert into martyrs; but kings like FERDINAND know how to estimate such arguments at their real value. It is not always true that relentless persecution strengthens the cause against which it is directed. The King of NAPLES will tell his friendly counsellors that Ischia and Procida effectually "restrain the enemies of order" who languish in their dungeons. An appeal to the tyrant in the name of humanity and justice, might probably fail of its effect; but the demand that he should abandon, on selfish grounds, his successful system of oppression, will be received with the contempt which it deserves.

The delinquent princes of Italy will be entitled to accept as an unexpected compliment Count WALEWSKI's juxtaposition of the best governed State on the Continent with Greece, Rome, and Naples. Belgium, at least, is free, orderly, and prosperous. There is in that country no foreign occupation to withdraw, nor is King LEOPOLD called upon to "conciliate with well considered clemency such of his subjects as are not perverted, although they may have gone astray." Yet the French plenipotentiary speaks of the neighbouring kingdom in a tone of bitterness and menace which strongly contrasts with the conventional language applied to the petty States of Italy. It is not surprising, however, that a portion of the Belgian press should accept the inspirations of the numerous French refugees who are resident at Brussels. The police may sometimes fail in stopping at the frontier journals obnoxious to the Imperial Government; but it is difficult to believe that contraband declamations against the ruling dynasty can exercise any serious influence on public opinion. Count WALEWSKI expressly admits that the Belgian Cabinet has acted with unexceptionable friendliness and good faith, and he asserts that the great majority of the people concur in the feelings of their Government; yet he thinks it necessary to invite "the representatives of the Great Powers, appreciating this necessity from the same point of view with ourselves, to express their opinion on this subject." France would, it seems, "regret to be placed under the obligation of making Belgium understand that it is imperatively necessary to modify a legislation which is

not compatible with the fulfilment by her Government of the first of international duties."

It must be remembered that the Belgian courts are open, like our own, to a foreign prosecutor for an alleged libel. The grievance of which the French Minister complains is the absence of a censorship—an exemption common to Brussels and to London. The French refugees in England constantly publish attacks on the Imperial Government, which they smuggle into France as opportunity may serve. Lord CLARENDON, at least, must have heard with grave dissatisfaction an appeal to the Great Powers to place under the ban of Europe a principle which his own country has always inviolably maintained. The French Government of the day warmly urged the establishment of the Belgian kingdom, and became, with England, a joint guarantee for its independence and inviolability. The insertion in the Constitution of restrictions on the freedom of the press was not made a condition of the recognition of King LEOPOLD; nor is the freedom of Belgium worth having if it is liable to be tampered with at the will of a foreign power. Prussia herself, however little solicitous to maintain the liberty of thought, would be forced to remonstrate against any encroachment on the territory of the Low Countries.

The final proposal that the English code of maritime jurisprudence should be summarily abolished by no means diminishes the dissatisfaction which the French manifesto will occasion. In the late war, the doctrine of the weaker maritime Powers was practically adopted; but circumstances might arise in which it would become necessary to revive the restrictions of former times, and the agitation of the subject at the close of the labours of the Congress was at least unseasonable. One of the most serious objections, however, to Count WALEWSKI'S ill-considered speech consists in the discouragement which it offers to the just aspirations of Italy. The relief which had been hoped for through the influence of Sardinia in the Congress is remote indeed, if it is to be associated with the coercion of Belgium, and with a revolution in the maritime law of the world. It may be hoped that the zeal of the Plenipotentiary has in this instance outrun the instructions of his Sovereign.

CENTRAL AMERICA.

EVEN the warlike senators at Washington are beginning to discover that it will be difficult to find, in Central America, any pretext for hostilities against England. In fact, the question in dispute is likely to find a solution without the direct interference of either Government, and there is little prospect that the future fate of the region which commands the passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific will depend on the construction of the CLAYTON-BULWER treaty. An irresponsible adventurer has staked his life and fortunes on the task of "occupying, colonizing, and fortifying" all the territory which extends from the Bay of Honduras to the Gulf of Panama; and his success would probably secure the recognition of his title by the United States, while, in the equally probable event of his defeat and destruction, all the native Governments will be unanimous in seeking the alliance and protection of England. American marauders are not unlikely to extend by arms what is called "the area of freedom," but their manners and proceedings will certainly not conciliate the indolent denizens of the tropics; and in all the Republics near the Isthmus, WALKER is regarded as the representative of his country, although his enterprise has hitherto been necessarily disavowed by the PRESIDENT.

The English word *freebooter* has been metamorphosed into the Spanish *filibustero*, and is revived in the American *filibuster*, with a certain accession of dignity and significance. There are probably not many of WALKER'S followers who would steal less than a drove of cows, or who would knock down a solitary traveller on the high road. The promised plunder of large provinces, the chances of military triumphs over a less vigorous race, rumours of hidden riches concealed even from the Spanish conquerors of the country—such are the inducements which have led some hundreds of adventurers to join the standard of the buccaneer General. The political pretences for their enterprise are transparently insincere, although they affect to represent and to protect the so-called democrats of Nicaragua. WALKER'S first attempt at conquest was made in Lower California, more than a thousand miles from the border of the region which is the theatre of his present exploits; and a weak Government, a rich country, and an unwarlike popula-

tion, form, wherever they may be found, the conditions of his beneficent interference. His title is, in some respects, the same with that of the Spanish adventurers who subdued America in the sixteenth century; but CORTES fought on behalf of his king, in virtue of a grant from the POPE, with a view to the salvation of the heathens, whom he intended to convert by force, and in accordance with the public opinion of his country and his age. The modern filibuster is perhaps less hypocritical, and he may possibly be as brave; but he certainly excels all his predecessors in impudence. In one of his latest proclamations, the General laments that his opponents in Nicaragua have repelled his attempts at conciliation; and under the circumstances, he sees no alternative but hostility to the "so-called Legitimists" in all the neighbouring countries. "Against the servile parties and servile Governments of Central America the Americans in Nicaragua are bound to declare eternal enmity. A very large proportion of the so-called Legitimists of this State are either open or secret enemies to our presence on the soil. They owe us gratitude for the protection they have had for their lives and property; they have paid us with ingratitude and treachery." No invader could more openly declare his intention of confiscating the property of his subjects, and his purpose of simultaneously extending his depredations to the neighbouring States. The device of representing malcontent patriots as rebels is universally adopted by conquerors. CORTES claimed obedience in the name of MONTEZUMA, whilst ATAHUALPA was the instrument of extracting gold for PIZARRO; and the queen-bee whom the American leader holds in his hand appears to be the Governor of Nicaragua, Don PATRICIO RIVAS, aided by an ex-Governor called Don UBALDO HERRERA. General WALKER lately "set an example of respect and decorum for religion, its ministers and ceremonies," by officiating as godfather at the baptism of one of HERRERA'S children; and the Vicar-General, who officiated, probably thought it safer not to inquire too narrowly into the orthodoxy of the formidable sponsor. The great filibuster seems to show much ingenuity in combining his own American tastes with the indigenous habits of the population. He has imported a strong-minded lady, called Miss PELLETT, to give lectures. On Palm Sunday, a grand service, and a discharge of great guns must have been recognised as Spanish and Catholic; but the new flag of Nicaragua, which was hoisted for the first time on the occasion, is thoroughly American in its character. It contains "a white centre with blue on either side, and on the white a raised shield representing a sunburst over five volcanoes."

If the volcanoes represent the disturbed States over which the sun of freedom is about to shine, they are already on the point of eruption. Costa Rica has declared war against the general enemy, and San Salvador is about to follow its example. As the majority of the Nicaraguans themselves form the servile party against whom the Americans are to swear eternal enmity, the filibusters and their adherents are greatly overmatched in numbers; and an admiring partisan estimates their force only at about 1500 men, while the President of Costa Rica is said to be advancing at the head of 3500. It is a curious circumstance that the Americans count on the aid of an independent Indian tribe, whose wealth they describe with all the credulity and zest of the early conquerors, or of their English rivals. "It was in this part of Central America," it is said, "that the famous gold mines of the Spaniards were situated—I refer to the Zinzingal, the famous El Dorado of the Conquest, which was lost with the burning of the city of Estrella by the Indians, the entire Spanish population having been destroyed. Since that time, these immense riches have remained hidden from the white man, although it is supposed the Indians possess the secret. . . . Another evidence is in the quantity of gold ornaments used by the Indians at the present day. Precious stones also are to be found in the rivers," &c. It is easy to recognise in this the greedy curiosity of the early rovers. The fate of the Indians, if they assist the new conquerors against their former enemies, may also be confidently predicted; but adventurers with such expectations may prove more than a match for all the native forces which can be brought against them.

In the comparatively temperate highlands of Costa Rica, the Spanish blood still preponderates; but the rest of Central America is inhabited either by Indians, or by a mixed race formed from the fusion of whites, red men, and negroes. It is in virtue of their physical and intellectual superiority that the new-comers claim the submission of the old inhabitants. The Spaniards robbed the Indians because

they were not professing Christians—the Americans undertake to put down resistance to the Democrat party, and, like their models, harangue their victims in language familiar to themselves, but wholly unintelligible to those to whom it is addressed. A Cacique of the sixteenth century was expected to appreciate sermons by Spanish friars on the subject of the Immaculate Conception; and the President of Costa Rica is informed by the official journal of Nicaragua, that he has waked up the wrong man, and that his Proclamation is a regular piece of Bunkum. "General WALKER will learn them better manners, while he imposes on their minds a serious lesson in politics." The lesson to be taught is precisely the same which was "imposed on the minds" of the Mexican Kings and of the Incas of Peru. The poor Indians in possession of El Dorado will, if the invaders are successful, soon experience the well-known process of being improved from off the face of the earth.

England has no direct interest in the result. The occupation of Central America by an enterprising population from the United States would add to the general wealth of the world, by developing the great resources of a virgin country; yet the same causes, which have led to the degeneracy of the Spaniards will affect in turn any new conquerors from more northern regions. The Indians, if they cannot resist the white man, eventually contrive to outlive him. It is doubtful whether the physical constitution of Englishmen can be adapted even to the climate of the United States; but it is certain that in the tropics they have never thriven or increased. There are no hereditary English residents in India after a century of occupation. It is possible, however, that a constant stream of emigration from the North might enable WALKER and his successors to preserve the dominion which he is endeavouring to acquire.

But, if this country is not concerned in the issue of WALKER's enterprise, his success may produce considerable embarrassment to the Government of Washington. Nicaragua is too distant to be annexed to the Union; and at present the Federal Constitution contains no provision for the management of foreign dependencies. Although the filibusters have come to support the Democrats against the Serviles, no laws or phrases will preserve their democratic character if they become dominant in Central America. A race of conquerors, in the midst of an alien population, must necessarily become a military aristocracy; and though national feeling might induce them to obey pro-consuls from Washington, the institutions of America would not bear transplanting. The same instinct of political expediency which has disfranchised the free coloured population of the States would always assign an inferior position to the half-breeds of Nicaragua.

Should WALKER be defeated, his expedition will have undone all that American diplomacy had effected during many years. The petty republics which had been taught to remonstrate against the English Protectorate of the Mosquito shore will have learned the results of their incessant squabbles among themselves, and will understand the danger which really threatens their independence. If the English Government had any selfish objects to attain in Central America, it would be quite unnecessary to occupy, to colonize, or to fortify any part of the coast. The recruiting system, which Mr. CUSHING has in this instance not succeeded in preventing, will, directly or indirectly, render unnecessary the stipulations of the convention which has caused so many disputes.

WHO STARVED KARS?

FINANCIAL discussions are so essentially dull and repulsive, that any debate about money matters is almost certain to be thrust aside by more entertaining topics. No one ever reads a money article unless he expects to make something by his studies; and as for the dreary investigations into Australian gold, foreign drains, balance of trade, and the like, which weigh down the columns of our daily contemporaries, we have not yet made the acquaintance of the determined old gentleman who puts on his spectacles at the commencement, and retains them until he has mastered the concluding sentence. Nevertheless, tedious as the subject may be, we must call attention to the financial aspect of the great Kars question. We are half afraid that this part of the transaction will be neglected by orators, who have so many more exciting themes to dwell upon. And yet, bearing in mind that the garrison of Kars was not beaten

in the field, but starved, we are by no means sure that there is any more important question than this—Why were General WILLIAMS and his army short of cash? No one will doubt that England could have spared enough to feed them until the Russians should have been compelled to raise the siege; nor can there be any question that, if the Porte either could not or would not do it, we were bound to see that our General's needs were supplied. It seems essential, therefore, before fixing the responsibility of the ultimate catastrophe on Turks, Frenchmen, Englishmen, or Providence, or wherever else it ought to rest, to consider whether General WILLIAMS could have victualled the place provided he had had sufficient funds, and, if so, why those funds were not forthcoming. It is impossible to read the Kars papers without seeing that much important information is withheld on the latter point. It will be remembered that the first outbreak of indignation which followed the news of the capitulation of the fortress was appeased—or rather suspended—by the promise that the forthcoming papers should contain every document relative to the Asiatic campaign. The pledge has been fulfilled to the letter, perhaps, but not in spirit. We have masses of detail as to the means by which the schemes of the Porte were thwarted, and we have abundant evidence of the inability or neglect of the Turkish Government to furnish General WILLIAMS with the supplies which would have enabled him to maintain his position. But here the revelation ceases. Not an iota of information is given as to the action of the Commissioners who held absolute control over the Turkish loan—not a single word to disarm the suspicion that the delay of our own Government in forwarding the money which had been lodged in the Bank of England, was one of the main causes of the disastrous issue of the siege. We trust that this matter will not be passed over in the approaching debate, and we are wholly at a loss to conceive what answer can be given to the charge.

The broad facts of the case appear conclusive. An English General is employed in organizing the defence of a city within easy distance of fertile and friendly districts, which are capable of supplying ten times over the wants of his little army. For months he repeats his complaints that he cannot get food or transport, for want of funds. The money which would have enabled him to provision the fortress is never sent—a blockade is established by the besiegers—and after beating off a desperate attack by the whole strength of the enemy's forces, he is at last compelled to capitulate, from utter starvation. There is something monstrous in the idea of England allowing a General to be taken prisoner, together with his whole army, not in consequence of the superiority of the enemy, for they were beaten—not by surprise, for the catastrophe was the result of a year's campaign—not even for want of reinforcements, though they would have been most welcome, and ought to have been sent—but literally for want of money which was lying buried in the cellars of the Bank. The only possible excuse which can be conceived would be that timely notice was not given to the English Government of the straits to which the defenders of Kars were reduced; but this plea is demolished by the evidence which the Blue-book affords. Almost the first despatch received from General WILLIAMS dwelt on the difficulties of provisioning the troops, and on the necessity for additional funds. Again, in September, 1854—fourteen months before the fall of the place—he wrote that the harvest was most abundant, and that supplies of all kinds could be collected by persons having the command of money. Another despatch, in October of the same year, stated that the debts of the army amounted to 50,000*l.*, and the arrears of pay to 125,000*l.*; and it added that, unless the most active assistance were afforded, 10,000 men would be left unprovided for in the garrison. A few days later, the General reported that the reply of the Mushir to his requisitions for wood, grain, and sheep, was that any supplies could be had for money, but that nothing but cash would induce the producer to come forward in the market. From that time until the establishment of the blockade, the same complaints form the burden of his despatches. In December, an exact report of the scanty supply of provisions then collected in Kars was transmitted to Lord CLARENDON. In January, the General made an earnest appeal for additional funds to retrieve the destitute and disorganized state of the army; and in another despatch of the same month, it was stated that no definite arrangement could be made for the supply of meat, as the contractor wanted money on account, and there was none to give him. In May, General WILLIAMS found himself

compelled to guarantee the payment of the muleteers, on whom the army was dependent for the transport of its provisions. About the same time, he obtained from VASSIF, the nominal Commander-in-Chief, authority to direct the purchase and carriage of supplies for the army. But this authority was comparatively useless without the command of adequate funds; and the utmost which could be effected was to collect four months' provisions before the Russians had completely cut off the communications of the fortress. Even after this date, however, the real difficulty in relieving the place was occasioned more by the want of provisions and transport than by lack of soldiers; and an active general, furnished with the necessary supplies, might have accomplished the object with the Erzeroum forces alone.

In the face of the despatches to which we have referred, and of a multitude of others to the same effect which are far too numerous to quote, it will be impossible for Ministers to plead ignorance of the destitution under which the army suffered. No effectual steps, however, were taken to relieve the garrison, and the action of our Government was confined to urging the Turks to do what we were equally interested in doing, and much better able to accomplish. The consequence was what might have been expected—the PORTE promised everything, and performed nothing. The correspondence of our own Ministers shows that they had no confidence in the assurances of the SULTAN'S advisers; and if the papers relating to the negotiation of the guaranteed loan had been published, as they ought to have been, there would doubtless have appeared sufficient grounds for this distrust. The anxiety with which LORD PALMERSTON pressed on Parliament the confirmation of the Loan Convention satisfies us that the Cabinet had long been aware of the utter inadequacy of the resources of Turkey to meet the demands of its Asiatic army. By placing a sufficient sum of money under the control of General WILLIAMS, it is certain that the final disaster might have been averted; but instead of taking prompt measures on this vital subject, the Government tendered no pecuniary assistance until August, 1855, when the advance of MOURAVIEFF had opposed fresh obstacles to the relief of Kars.

It might have been supposed that, after recognising the pressing necessity for an advance, and obtaining authority to guarantee a loan of 5,000,000*l.*, no further time would be lost in rendering the supply available. But the official apathy displayed after the proceeds of the loan were deposited in the Bank is even more unaccountable than the previous delay. Not more than one-tenth of the sum raised reached Constantinople during the three or four months which elapsed before the fall of Kars; and it does not appear that a single farthing had by that time been actually received by the SULTAN'S Ministers. In fact, so lately as February last, an official report informed us that the greater portion of the five millions still remained in the custody of the Bank. The documents which would show how far the inaction of the Turkish Government was really due to want of means, have, for the most part, been withheld; but there are many of the published papers which, though relating chiefly to military matters, incidentally touch on the financial question. General MANSFIELD'S report, for example, on the proposals for the relief of the city in its last extremity, clearly proves that the delay which took place in giving the Turks the advantage of the loan debarred them from prosecuting the campaign, and made it impossible for them to carry on active operations with success, or even to keep their troops together. But even if this were otherwise, and if the complaint of poverty were a mere excuse on the part of indolent and dishonest Orientals, the responsibility of our Government would not be diminished; for, whatever may have been the cause of the negligence of the PORTE, the fact was known from the first to the British Cabinet. By sending English officers to superintend and control the management of the campaign in Asia, the Ministry virtually assumed the duty of seeing that they were duly supported by the Turks, or, failing that, of transmitting the necessary aid from home. They did neither the one nor the other; and the heroic exertions and endurance of General WILLIAMS and his brave companions proved abortive for want of the timely advance of a sum which, so far as we are aware, might at any time have been procured without inconvenience and without delay. It is not easy to understand what defence can be offered for a supineness so inexplicable in itself and so deplorable in its consequences.

M. DE MONTALEMBERT AND THE *QUARTERLY REVIEW*.*

WHEN M. de Montalembert's remarkable work on England first appeared, we examined at some length a book which could not fail, by the eloquence of its style, the felicity of its illustrations, and the clearness of its reasonings, to charm every man of education and of taste. Less sophistical in his rhetoric than Mr. Macaulay, M. de Montalembert is not inferior to our English essayist in vivacity, point, and descriptive power. In this country especially, we were bound to receive with courtesy, if not with applause, a discourse in which our institutions are discussed by a Frenchman and a Roman Catholic with an appreciation and insight which few Englishmen and Protestants would have been capable of reaching, and which certainly very few could have so happily expressed. For the honour of English literature, we confess we feel heartily ashamed of the treatment which this distinguished writer and his remarkable work have received.

Instead of being encountered in that fair and liberal spirit of criticism of which his own book furnishes so admirable an example, he has been subjected to that carping style of word-catching cavil with which those who can remember the stupid and ignorant malignity of *Quarterly Reviewing* twenty years ago, must be painfully familiar. Every one recognises at once that pestilential style in which uncalled-for italics betray the despair of emphasis, and superfluous punctuation makes more apparent the destitution of point. We all know those artifices of typography by which hyphens are made to do the work of logic in connecting ideas, and brackets are in vain called in to unravel the confusion of metaphors and the involution of grammar. Nor if the first glance at the page failed to betray the well-known pen, could we mark the petty quibbles, the unimportant dates, the irrelevant anecdotes, the narrow views, the illiberal spirit, and the astonishing ignorance—all dished up with one sour sauce of envious disparagement—without exclaiming at once, Mr. Rigby again!

We repeat that, for the honour of English literature, we regret that a periodical so respectable as the *Quarterly Review* should find itself compelled (we use the phrase advisedly) to admit a paper so mean alike in its literary and moral qualities, as the review of the work of M. de Montalembert. There are circumstances connected with the whole transaction which deserve to be branded with the reprobation of all who respect the conventions of literary decency and honour. Every one has seen, and been partly amused, partly disgusted by, the controversy as to the Croker translation. We do not propose to enter into the merits of the question, further than to say that M. de Montalembert seems to have been almost equally unfortunate in his Translator and in his Vindicator. But the part of the affair which seems to us simply disgraceful is, that the translator takes possession of the work of an author who has expressly reserved the right of translation in accordance with the international compact,—and that, having given a version of it which is so grossly inaccurate that it can hardly have been otherwise than wilfully perverted, he then professes to prefix to the work a preface, written in a hostile and scurrilous tone, replete with sneers and imputations of the most offensive character against the author, whose permission to publish the work he has at last been compelled to solicit. It only needed, of course, a single word to prevent the respectable publisher from putting forth a paper conceived in such gross violation of good taste and good faith. We much regret that, after what has occurred, he had not the power to prevent the reappearance, in another shape, of this stupid and malignant diatribe.

The Reviewer begins by insisting that the opinion of M. de Montalembert is not worthy of attention, for the most singular of all reasons. "In the first place, we cannot look upon M. de Montalembert as a stranger, and certainly not as an impartial stranger." "Charles Forbes de Montalembert," it seems, is not a stranger, because "he was born on the 15th of April, 1810, in Upper Brook-street, Grosvenor-square, London"—we regret to say the number of the house is not mentioned, nor the name of the *sage-femme* who attended—"at the house of his maternal grandfather, James Forbes, F.R.S., author of the *Oriental Memoirs*." Any one who knows Mr. Rigby's style will recognise it in this *gobemouche* of detail. But to what does it all tend? We shall see. M. de Montalembert, having been born in Brook-street, is not a stranger—in fact, he is obscurely accused of being an impostor for not having given "any hint in his work" that he was not born in Paris. The fact of his not being a stranger must, we learn, "even amongst ourselves, derogate from the confidence to which evidence more thoroughly impartial must be entitled." We confess this seems to us a somewhat singular ground on which to disable the judgment of the critic of our institutions. Even if M. de Montalembert should be admitted to be an Englishman, because he was born in Brook-street, we have never understood that Clarendon, Hume, Mackintosh, Fox, Macaulay, &c., were less capable of judging of English institutions, from the fact that they understood and sympathized with the people whom they had made their study. The fact is that, with the exception of a few months, M. de Montalembert has never lived in England at all; and the great advantage of his position as a critic is this—that he comes to the study of this country with the distant and general view of a foreigner, yet with the capacity of understanding, and appreciating the peculiarities of a people to

* The *Quarterly Review*, for April, 1856. Murray.

whom he is allied by the ties of sympathy and blood. The logical frame of mind in which the Reviewer sits down to his task of disparagement is apparent, when we find him in the same breath complaining that his author's evidence on English institutions is valueless because he is not a stranger to us in birth, and because he is a stranger in religion. M. de Montalembert's judgment is equally set aside because he is an Englishman, and because he is not a Protestant.

"But," proceeds the Reviewer, "there are other and more serious drawbacks in the value of this work" than the fact of M. de Montalembert having been born in Brook-street. The real charge against the author is, that, being an ex-peer of France, he sat in the *Assemblée* of April, 1848. The tone in which this very simple fact is alluded to betrays the same ignorance which led the translator to inquire whether M. de Montalembert had ever spoken in the Chamber of Peers under Louis Philippe. No one less unacquainted with the history of France and of Europe than the translator could have been ignorant of the notorious fact, that the author of the great speech on the *Sonderbund* was the first orator of France, perhaps of Europe. So, with reference to M. de Montalembert's career in 1848—any one who knows anything of French politics is quite aware that his return to the first Assembly was the great triumph of Conservative politics, and that he became from that moment the champion of the party of order. M. de Montalembert entered the Assembly as "the only ex-peer of France," not because the other ex-peers did not choose to be elected, but because they could not obtain admission. He is one of the few men in France who, since the political dislocation of 1848, has had the courage to mitigate, instead of flying from, the mischief to which the spirit of disorder has successively given rise, whether that mischief assumed the form of inordinate licence or of intolerable repression. The conduct of a statesman who struggles against an adverse storm to give predominance to his own views, may be the object of condemnation to a man who fled from political life after the Reform Bill, because he felt that he was not made of stuff robust enough to live out of the artificial atmosphere of corruption in which he had been bred, or to encounter the conflict of independent ability; but men who judge rightly will see in a policy of secession only the indication of a weak, timid, and unpatriotic spirit. We, at all events, are not prepared to think the worse of M. de Montalembert because he dared to attempt to stem the anarchy of the Provisional Government, and is now the only man who dares, by legitimate methods, to mitigate the unmixt despotism of the Empire.

But the most absurd and preposterous ground which the Reviewer selects for assailing the character of the author is the charge against him of being a Roman Catholic. The whole tone of the Reviewer on this part of his subject reminds us forcibly of the scene in *Nicholas Nickleby*, where Mr. Lilliwick, the water-rate collector, asks Nicholas, who is instructing the Miss Kenwises in the French tongue, What is the French for water? The indignation of the Reviewer at M. de Montalembert's Catholicism is like nothing so much as the superb scorn with which the water-rate collector, on being told that *l'eau* is the French for water, replies "I have no opinion of that language at all, sir." It would be just as reasonable to complain of M. de Montalembert writing in the French language, as to abuse him because he writes from a Catholic point of view. One really would suppose that the Reviewer had been overwhelmed by the sudden discovery that M. de Montalembert is not a Protestant, and that he had taken his religious views from the same source to which he had recourse to inform himself as to the existence of the celebrated authors of the "*Soirées de St. Petersburg*."

The astounding ignorance of the Reviewer is nowhere more ridiculously displayed than in the passage (p. 538) in which he undertakes to expound to his readers, by a reference to the *Biographie Contemporaine*, who and what *Le Comte Joseph de Maistre* was. We doubt whether the readers of the *Quarterly* will take as a compliment the sentence in which they are told, "most English readers will wonder who this Comte le Maistre is." Unless we had read it in the *Quarterly Review*, we could not have believed that there was any man of decent education in this country who would have had to go—as the Reviewer has evidently been compelled to do—to the dictionary, to learn something about a writer whose works are better known, and have certainly had incomparably more influence on the politics of the Continent, than those of Chateaubriand or Madame de Staël. The same extraordinary illiterateness is exhibited in the ignorant impertinence with which the Reviewer talks of "one Vinet"—of whom all that he knows is that he was "a professor of Lausanne," and "a wrong-headed and troublesome man, who made a schism in a Protestant community." And this, forsooth, is the critic who, in his profound ignorance both of the lights of the Protestant and the Catholic Churches, takes upon him to lecture the accomplished author of the *L'Avenir Politique de l'Angleterre* on his historical and ecclesiastical inaccuracies!

There is much in M. de Montalembert's striking book which requires at the hand of an English Protestant a careful and a thoughtful answer. Such an answer it is both worthy and, we believe, capable of receiving. M. de Montalembert finds no alloy to his admiration of our political institutions, except the difficulty of reconciling his Roman Catholic sympathies to the English system with which he finds those institutions inter-

woven. To abuse a sincere and zealous Catholic for entertaining this feeling is simply absurd. M. de Montalembert might have taken the tone of M. Jules Gondon and the writers of the *Univers*, who vilify everything that is English simply because it is Protestant—just as the Reviewer will not admit that there can be any merit in anything that is Catholic. But M. de Montalembert is not an ignorant bigot like his reviewer or his Ultramontane coadjutors. He recognises candidly the merits which he honestly perceives, and he tries more ingeniously than conclusively to reconcile the political facts with his ecclesiastical sympathies. This is done in a tone of argument frequently defective, but never uncandid—in a tone which demands above all things, at the hands of English critics, a respectful and gentlemanlike consideration.

The question which M. de Montalembert has very fairly put to himself is this:—"How comes it that the country which I cannot but admire as the depository of rational liberty is at the same time the stronghold of the Protestant faith?" Whether the author's solution of this great Catholic puzzle is a satisfactory one or no, is a matter which we will take an early opportunity of discussing. Meanwhile, we enter a decided protest against dealing with such questions, so propounded by such a man, in the tone of vulgar and flippant impertinence in which the *Quarterly Reviewer* has clothed his tissue of false logic, false taste, and false statement. M. de Montalembert has given a very admirable example of the manner in which a man of honest and strong convictions can courageously and candidly face difficulties which menace his dearest sympathies, or, it may be, prejudices. We regret that so respectable a journal as the *Quarterly Review* should have permitted its pages to be made the vehicle for a spite which seems almost personal, and which applies to a distinguished orator and writer such phrases as "monomaniac—unctuous eloquence—twaddle—flippant Academician," &c.—thereby teaching Europe to believe that we are incapable of respecting literary merit, or of reciprocating the manly candour of a distinguished opponent.

THE PAROCHIAL PRESS.

WHERE there is a demand there is a supply, and it was not to be supposed that in these days local boards would meet, and vestrymen speak, without a record being published of their proceedings, and a channel afforded by which their oratory might be immortalized in print. There are no heroes of modern times without bards to celebrate them, and a cheap press furnished a ready means for parish officers to communicate with their admiring constituents. Since Sir Benjamin Hall's Act was passed, and even before it came into operation, there has been a Parochial Press ready to catch the precious words that fall from the lips of Mr. Bumble and his colleagues, to comment on their parochial conduct, and, when necessary, to keep them up to the highest standard of parochial duty. We will not say that these papers overrate the importance of the task they undertake to fulfil, but, at any rate, they do not underrate it. "The Metropolitan Board of Works," says the *Vestryman and Rate Payers' Advocate*, "will produce an effect on Continental despotism, on the policy of republics, and the hopes of colonies;" and a paper which was so well aware of what England expected of it, could scarcely do less than announce, as the *Vestryman* did in its opening address, its earnest desire to "fulfil its mission by constant attention to local interests, by remaining unbiassed by party predilections, and by maintaining an attitude of fearless independence." We regret to have to add that a publication starting with so excellent a design has not been able to prolong its existence beyond a period of very moderate duration. It was too good to live. It commenced as a weekly journal, on the 5th of April, and its career is already over. To be born only to die is, indeed, one of the most striking features of these parish journals. Of all those that we have seen—the *Marylebone Guardian*, the *South London Gazette*, the *Vestryman*, and the *Ratepayers' Journal*—not one, we believe, is at present alive. But when they die, they do not die for ever. There are crises of parochial politics, occurring only at intervals in the year, which awaken into sudden activity the chroniclers of their most striking incidents. The journalist answers to the call, takes his pen and "fulfils his mission," and then again subsides into a state of calm and economical repose.

One of these stirring occasions lately presented itself. By immemorial custom, Easter week is the time appointed for the election of many parish officers. This year a serious difficulty had arisen—it being doubtful whether the new vestry, appointed under the Act, or the old vestry, acting on its common law right, should have the right of election. The *South London Gazette* enables us to see how the point was contested in Lambeth. The old vestry announced that they would proceed to an election at eleven o'clock a.m., on Easter Tuesday. But the new vestry were determined to outstrip them, and fixed their meeting for nine o'clock. Their principal speaker, after proposing certain names, expressed a hope that the old vestry would, at their election, suffer their choice to fall on the nominees of the new vestry, which, as he justly observed, would prevent "much ill-feeling and possible litigation." We have heard such an arrangement occasionally proposed in higher political regions—the Americans, for instance, have a habit of saying, in the most good-natured way, "Give us all we want, and let us live together in peace,

like good Christians. But the old vestry were not to be jockeyed out of their privileges. They met at eleven, and had a long discussion. The debate was confused, prolonged, and diversified by the peculiar proceedings of one orator, Mr. Edwards. We are first informed that "Mr. Edwards, in a rambling and irregular manner, took exception to the proceedings generally; but whether he advocated the cause of the new or the old vestry did not appear." The patience of his auditors was at length exhausted, and an appeal was made to the chairman—who, however, replied that, as far as his experience had gone, he had always found it the best way to let Mr. Edwards say all he had to say, however much time it might occupy, as being the shortest course in the end. This arrangement "suits the views of Mr. Edwards," he proceeded with his address. But the vestrymen were practical and sensible people, and made the arrangement suit their views also; for we are informed that, "in the meantime, the vestry proceeded to business." This appears to us a very admirable compromise. It suggests a means of reconciling perfect freedom of discussion with the necessity for conducting real business, which many popular assemblies might be glad to adopt. There was no restraint placed on Mr. Edwards—he was free to speak, to wander, and to be incoherent. He entered, we are told, on topics entirely irrelevant to the matter on hand, and read a copy of a letter to Sir Benjamin Hall on quite another subject; but he did not waste anybody's time, for meanwhile, half-a-dozen vestrymen made business-like speeches, and a list of parish officers was proposed and carried. The Parliamentary Session might end in June, if the House of Commons could imitate the vestry of Lambeth.

The provocation of the nine o'clock meeting had been great, and the criticisms bestowed on it were not sparing. The orator whose speech occupies the longest space in the report, and whom we therefore conclude to have been the principal speaker, asked the pertinent question, why, if the opposition vestry were sincere in their desire for a pacific solution of the question, did they meet at nine o'clock, "so as to take the bread out of the old one's mouth." He also animadverted with considerable bitterness on the general conduct of the new vestry, and especially brought one charge against them which makes us feel how like small things are to great—that "they had given a man a pension greater than the salary he had lost," and that, when another came before them, who had a right to a pension, they said, "we have done wrong before, let us do right now, and give him nothing." Finally, he summed up the grievances the old vestry had to endure in the following terse and forcible manner:—"The new vestry had increased the staff of parish officers—it had increased the pension-list and expenses of the parish—it had sneered at them at nine o'clock in the morning, and would doubtless spit upon them if it could." Logically, of course, the argument was faulty, for it does not follow that every one who attends a vestry meeting before breakfast would go the extreme length of spitting on his neighbours; but the appeal probably went home to the hearts of the old vestry. The quarrel was a very pretty one, and it was not easy to decide it. Some innocent people went as deputations to the great Government officials, and hoped that from such authoritative quarters they might really learn what was to be done. They went to the Attorney-General, and he told them that he should be glad to help them, and pass a declaratory enactment, but that "it was Hall's Bill." They went to Sir Benjamin Hall, and he advised them, as the most satisfactory, speedy, and inexpensive way, to try a law-suit. We hope that the deputations returned home wiser, if sadder, men.

As the proceedings of vestries and boards become more public, an increasing desire is displayed to detect and prevent jobs, and more particularly all eating and drinking at the expense of the parish. It must be a great stimulant to this laudable ambition that the efforts of reformers, whether ill or well-directed, are recorded in papers circulated in the parish. It is probable, for instance, that a general wish to keep officials alive to a sense of responsibility, and a desire also to be known to have this wish, rather than any real hope of eliciting information, prompted a vestryman to ask the chairman of the Lambeth vestry whether "it was true that 200lb. of fresh butter, 2cwt. of cheese, and various other edibles had been consumed by the officials of Lambeth workhouse in an inordinately brief period of time?" A Sunday paper, which always devotes a considerable portion of its space to parish matters, gave last week an instance of an accusation meant more seriously. At a meeting of the Marylebone representative council, we are informed that "the Burial Board was charged with greasing their chins at a magnificent dinner at the Star and Garter, at Richmond;" and a committee of investigation was appointed upon a member of the council asserting that, "with reference to this dinner, facts would come out that would astound the ratepayers." Among all the fallen host there was, however, found one Abdiel. Dr. Russell, as a member of the Burial Board, assured his hearers that, "as to the dinner at the Star and Garter, he had never dirtied his fingers by participating in it." We suppose that these are only strong metaphorical expressions, and that vestrymen do not really eat without knives and forks, or rest their faces in their soup-plates.

The Parochial Press has, of course, its correspondents, who write on sewers and other kindred subjects with great vivacity and minuteness. The *Vestryman*, during its brief existence, inserted some remarkable letters from an enthusiast whose mind

seems to have been wholly absorbed in the condition of an open sewer at Vauxhall. An unfortunate obscurity clouds the exact purpose at which he aims. We gather that the sewer smells badly, that it is dangerous, that it ought to be better, that somebody ought to have made it sweeter and safer, and (although of this we are doubtful) that the *Times* newspaper is in some way or other mixed up in the matter. Further than this we cannot go, as we are lost in the phraseology which the indignant writer adopts. We will give one paragraph as a specimen:—

Probably a trifling estimate in amount is taken of the inevitable depreciation and subsequently waste of property, superadded to the reckless outrage on the person, in jeopardising life, by those who heretofore evinced a callous readiness to adopt a line of conduct, somewhat similar to, as regards its ultimate issue, though in humble imitation of, the scandalous practice most reluctantly and unwarrantably pursued by "the Mighty Thunderer," in the continuous substitution of incessant floods of the most disgusting sickening sewage, in lieu of an ever abundant supply of wholesome refreshing water—always deeming it, forsooth, sufficient for them, complacently to flatter themselves with the secret thought that both they and theirs are perfectly and altogether protected by sheer space, from a close, pernicious contact with the levelling scene of its deadly operations. But let such, in "laying the consolatory unction to their souls," remember, and beware, that "the end is not yet" as regards the body.

We might have wished to add a few words on the general character of these papers and the spirit in which they are written. But, fortunately, we are saved the trouble, as the *South London Gazette*, which has just terminated a career of unprecedented duration in the annals of the parochial press, sketches, in a farewell article, what it has had to do, and how it has done it. It must know best the motives on which it has acted, the difficulties it has encountered, and the success which has rewarded its exertions. It concludes with words which show that it may fairly claim to be in many respects a model to its survivors—especially in the power of using strong language, and in the keen appreciation of its own merits:—

We have no groans to utter, nor tears to shed. The duties of a local Journalist are not of the pleasantest kind, neither does the faithful discharge of them excite much gratitude. "Offences must come," and if we part from our friends we also get quit of our enemies. A work lay before us, and we did it. Other men may enter into our labours: let them remember that their predecessors willingly accepted the consequences of "speaking fearlessly." An uncompromising hostility to jobbery and chicanery wrong praises even from the lips of our adversaries. We should not have sought the "Hosanna" of to-day even if it were not so closely allied with the "Crucify" of to-morrow.

MR. ROGERS' PICTURES.

THIS well-known collection, rendered almost public by the late owner's liberality, has been moved into Messrs. Christies' room, in preparation for its dispersion next week. Many pictures which could scarcely be seen in the smaller rooms of the poet's house are now brought into a better light, and as some skill has been shown in their temporary disposition, they are seen, on the whole, to advantage; but we miss, of course, Mr. Rogers' peculiar tact in juxtaposition.

Like Lord Ward's, this collection, although small if compared with many English private galleries, is honourably distinguished by felicitous choice. The specimens curiously exhibit either the painters' characteristic manners or their versatility in range. Except Stothard—with whom Rogers was long personally connected, and to whom he was much indebted for fame—no artist of note appears in so many examples as Reynolds. So large a number of that great painter's *fancy* works has probably never been brought together elsewhere. We look with especial interest at such pictures as the "Puck," the "Sleeping Girl," the "Cupid and Psyche," and the Landscapes. They show both the direction which the artist's talent would have taken if not confined to portrait, and the deficiencies inevitably entailed by that limitation. They display at once a great variety in range of subject and treatment, and an incompleteness in the working out, which even extends itself to the technical management of his colours. Hardly one of these fine works, however, has not suffered by time alone far more than Reynolds' have generally suffered. We confess we do not rate the "Puck" so highly as people did in the century when aldermen thought it possible to "illustrate Shakspeare." With all the poetry of its invention, it is rather a spoiled child, proud of wilfulness and conscious of compliment, than the fit messenger for a fairy king. But the "Strawberry Girl"—one, as Reynolds said, of his "half-dozen original things"—is beyond question one of the most perfect examples existing of a work more difficult than the delineation of saint or angel—the true portraiture of childhood. The gallery contains several other analogous subjects—Raphael's "Divine Infant," and the "Don Balthazar" of Velazquez—Nos. 727 and 710 of the sale catalogue. The first has the peculiar largeness and nobility of character which belong to the paintings of Raphael's later life—a blending, we might say, of human, angelic, and divine expression. Velazquez' is a boy on horseback in the Tennis Court at Madrid—a work much admired by Wilkie, whom it equals in truth and direct reference to nature, and surpasses in firm and downright handling. The child's clinging to his horse, and his conscious dignity as Prince of Spain, are admirably given; and his head and figure, with the great ugly royal stables behind, are painted with a vigour and transparency in which Velazquez has found no successor. But the "Girl with a Bird," and the "Strawberry Girl," we feel at once, are of quite another and newer order of excellence. It is curious that the secret of the true delineation of the real child of the cottage or nursery should have been withheld

even from these great artists, and by some law of compensation, perhaps, in the artificial age of hoops and powder, discovered by our own Reynolds and Gainsborough. The number of these subjects selected by Rogers (there are four by Sir Joshua alone) is, in our judgment, one of the most convincing proofs of his poetic temperament.

Except the Titian left to the nation, we regard the Raphael "Holy Family" just referred to, as being, on the whole, Mr. Rogers' most important picture. The Virgin stands behind a balustrade—her eyes, as is often the case in his early works, are downcast—the child is pressing towards her. An open landscape, more Venetian in tone than we remember in any other production ascribed to Raphael, forms the background. Although much injured by overcleaning rather than repainting, yet, even in its wreck, this picture is so majestic in line and so charming in expression, that we can recall very few works in this style of the same rank of merit. We have heard it disparaged by critics, diffuse on "state" and sapient in "surface;" but the sentiment and grandeur which remain show that it belonged to that last period of Raphael's life, when, with some mechanical or ill-chosen works, he produced the few which, in despite of recent criticism, we must consider his masterpieces. Mr. Rogers was fortunate in possessing the only work of the class of the "San Sisto" and "Madonna della Seggiola"—although probably rather earlier than either—which, if we remember right, has not yet been absorbed into some public collection.

Rogers, who as a poet united in some degree the style and taste of two centuries, had collected several pictures which would, until twenty or thirty years ago, have been looked at with the derisive wonder that attended the publication of Wordsworth's ballads. Cimabue's name appears in the list. The Giotto, a noble fragment in fresco, is a genuine relic saved from the fire which, a hundred years ago, ruined the "Carmine" at Florence. It represents two apostles, bowing the head in sorrow, as if before the Cross or the Entombment; and we can assure those who have not visited Padua, that nothing in the far-famed Arena Chapel is of equal grandeur or grace. A brilliant miniature by Gozzoli (No. 614) deserves notice; but the only early painter fairly represented in a perfect work is the rare Florentine master, Lorenzo di Credi. The "Coronation of the Virgin" is as perfect and delicate in execution as any specimen in the Uffizi, and, in our judgment, more pleasing in expression and harmonious in tone. Two or three small paintings (Nos. 557, 585, and 599, especially) belong to the early German school. Lucas van Leyden's "SS. John and Mark" (557) is singularly like his engravings in execution.

In Venetian art, besides the sketch for Titian's strange Assumption of Charles V., the Veronese, glowing like a flower-garden, and a Palma Vecchio (616) of far deeper and richer glow, there is a curious work by G. Bassano—the "Good Samaritan" (709), a picture of much force and singularly modern in character. But by far the finest and most interesting is a finished sketch for Tintoret's great work, "The Release of a Slave by S. Mark"—now the second ornament of the Venetian Academy. We do not, indeed, see here the deeper imagination and feeling which Tintoret has displayed in those noble works which Ruskin has described with eulogies that, after visiting Venice, we do not think exaggerated; but Tintoret has left perhaps no design more adapted to general admiration in point of power, directness of aim, and mastery over his art.

We do not attempt to suggest what purchases might be made from this collection with most advantage to the National Gallery, and shall content ourselves with the easier task of negative suggestion. We should not desire to see the Claude, Rembrandt, or Rubens' landscapes and sketches, or even the Reynolds's children, or the sweet early Raphael (No. 625), added to the National Gallery, simply because we have specimens of somewhat similar quality. Nor do we wish for the "Angelico," a comparatively feeble work, or the "Triumph of Julius" (No. 726), a copy from the design at Hampton Court; for, with all its mastery, it neither represents Montegrà nor Rubens in their distinctive characters. After the attacks lately made on the keeper, we cannot expect that even Sir Joshua's "Strawberry Girl," or Tintoret's "Miracle," would be judged genuine or precious by the ignorant and the interested; but such persons no more represent the sense of the nation than does Mr. Spooner.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

AT the last meeting of the Society, a paper was read, entitled, *Elementary Considerations on the subject of Rotatory Motion*, by W. Gravatt, F.R.S. The author endeavours to explain the problem of rotatory motion, in a series of propositions, by the use of prime and ultimate ratios. He commences with a simple problem, determining the law of the forces by which a particle of matter is deflected into any given curve, and pursues the inquiry by a consideration of the effect of these forces as referred to a sphere—going on to investigate the character of the motion of any body inclosed within an imaginary sphere, such sphere itself being supposed to revolve upon two axes inclined at any angle to each other. Hence the author determines the position of some point of the circumscribing sphere momentarily at rest, or in other words of the resultant axis, from which he insists that all centrifugal forces must really be calculated.

His first application of the law thus enunciated is to the motion of the peg-top; and upon the principles he has already laid down, he shows that there is, in the first instance, rotation round a momentary horizontal axis, calling up rotation round a momentary vertical axis, and that the ratio of the velocities of these two rotations, together with the length of the peg, determines the angular inclination of the top, contrary to the received explanation as given by Euler and other mathematicians.

The law is further applied to the effect produced upon a falling body by the axial rotation of the earth, in the discussion of which La Place, in the opinion of the author, has committed two important errors—one, in denying any deviation towards the equator; the other, in his calculation of the amount of the deviation towards the east. This is followed by an investigation of the motion or direction of flight of a cannon-ball or shell, fired in a northerly or southerly direction; from which it appears that a large shell will be subject to a deviation from the true line of projection, in consequence of the earth's rotation, amounting to no less than twenty-two feet.

The author then refers to the well-known experiment of M. Foucault for proving sensibly the rotation of the earth, and shows from calculation that the errors which would vitiate the results in this experiment are so extremely minute, and so difficult of avoidance by any perfection of manipulation which can be employed, that its performance cannot perhaps be safely adduced as proving such rotation.

The author illustrated his views by exhibiting to the Society a model apparatus, in which the vertical and horizontal motions may be variously combined.

REVIEWS.

FROUDE'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.*

MR. FROUDE proposes to write the *History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth*, and has published the two first volumes of his work. If he lives to write the whole period on the same scale, he will reach a ripe old age, as these volumes only comprise the events of seven years. The story of sixty-seven years still lies before him, and it is difficult to see any claim which these opening years have to be treated at disproportionate length. His history is so good that we have no wish to hurry him; and, if such is his purpose, we can only hope that he may live to write, and we to read, the eighteen volumes which arithmetic tells us still remain of his vast undertaking. As the notion of an historian's duty becomes higher, the longer is the space necessary to satisfy what is expected of him. He has not only to sift authorities, but to show that he has sifted them by working out, almost in full, the process he has gone through. He has to conceive characters, and to paint them; he has to do justice to great occasions, and to make small occasions interesting; he has to analyse the thoughts of men in every grade of society; he has to paint the daily life of every class; he has to trace all the improvements in science, and all the transitions in literature and art. If a writer professes to write the history of a time, how, it may be said, can he do less? The only possible objection is, that men are mortal—that few writers can hope to complete even a few years of such a history—and that, if a succession of writers were so to labour that at last all English history were written in this way, the whole would fill at the very least two hundred volumes. Life does not admit of this. It does not seem to have been part of the design of man's creation that he should read the history of his country in two hundred octavos; and although we regret the necessity of narrowing the range of history, we must admit it to be a necessity. Mr. Froude has done what Mr. Macaulay has done—he has made the history of a few years henceforward familiar to every educated Englishman. But in neither case is there any reason why the particular years chosen should be known so well. We hope that in his succeeding volumes Mr. Froude will be content to abridge and to omit, so that there may be a reasonable prospect of his writing the history of the Armada, and the days of Burleigh and Leicester.

Mr. Froude, as an historian, has three eminent merits. In the first place he can write English—a gift as rare as it is precious. Whatever he wishes to say, he can say in language vigorous, flexible, and adequate. Secondly, he can narrate—he can put dry facts together with art sufficient to interest the reader, although no recourse is had to false or exaggerated colouring. And thirdly, he can make reflections which are not truisms nor paradoxes—which spring from long thought and keen feeling, and which arrest attention and stimulate inquiry. The proneness to reflection which he exhibits is even in excess, and too often, perhaps, interrupts the flow of the narrative. And the same habit of mind which shows itself in a love of commenting on facts rather than stating them simply, also gives rise to a defect in the work, which pervades it so deeply and so thoroughly that we fear lest the opposition it cannot fail to provoke should blind readers to all they really gain from Mr. Froude's *History*. Mr. Froude appears to us to write under an influence which warps

* *History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth*. By James Anthony Froude, M.A., late Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford. Vols. I. and II. London: John W. Parker and Son. 1856.

his judgment, and distorts the medium through which he regards the facts of history. It is not what is commonly called partiality, that we are speaking of. A writer who could tell the story of the Reformation, and be impartial in the sense of being indifferent, would be totally unfit to write of the Reformation at all. The question that was raised and settled for England under the Tudors is one that still embarrasses and divides Europe—that, in one form or other, still separates man from man, and is incapable of any answer which does not proceed from our whole being, and ally itself with all our feelings, hopes, and sympathies. Nothing can be more manly and open, and nothing can more satisfactorily show that Mr. Froude has a title to write the history of the period he has selected, than his constant avowal that he sees in Protestantism a sacred cause, worthy to be maintained with the most profound convictions and to be defended at every hazard.

But Mr. Froude does something more than speak of Protestantism as a sincere man should speak of it. It is not enough for him to admire the men who won its triumph in England, so far as it was triumphant. He seems to us to have thrown himself with such ardour into the times of which he treats, to reverence them so simply, to love them so fondly, that his critical powers are numbed by the excitement of his imagination. He treads on enchanted ground. The England of which he speaks is the unblemished jewel of the ocean; the men who worked the work, are all good, able, far-seeing, justified by reason and by the event; and their separate actions all seem to flow from an instinctive apprehension of the soundest policy and the highest principle. The hardest question which an historian has to answer is—What was the moral atmosphere of the times he treats of? What views of right and wrong were then current? What correspondence of practice with theory pervaded the governing and the governed. Isolated facts are meaningless until we have decided this. And Mr. Froude has decided it, not with hesitation, not with cautions and limitations, but in a manner so absolute and so uncompromising that the pleasure we derive from the masterly skill, the genuine sincerity, and the nobleness of purpose in the painter, is constantly marred by doubts as to the accuracy of the portrait.

One of the most curious forms in which this manifests itself is the value which Mr. Froude attaches to Acts of Parliament. They are, he tells us, the products of the nobility and gentry of England—of men living in a high-spirited and generous age; and we ought to receive them as witnesses to facts as indisputable as we should consider the solemn assertions of the best and noblest of our contemporaries. The most remarkable instance in which this high value is attached to Parliamentary proceedings, is in the case of Anne Boleyn. Mr. Froude thinks the Queen guilty; and at any rate, those who think her innocent must admit the point to be a very disputable one; but the reason he chiefly relies on is the improbability that the Peers would have acted on insufficient evidence, or been influenced by the Crown, to give a corrupt decision. He even goes a step further, and in commenting on the king's hasty marriage with Jane Seymour, avows his belief that the only reason for the precipitancy of the marriage was because Henry looked on matrimony as an indifferent official act which his duty required at the moment; and he adds, "If this be thought a novel interpretation of his motives, I have merely to say that I find it in the statute-book." We may naturally ask where we are to find the slightest trace of independence in the House of Peers during Henry's reign to be set against the many instances of their subservience? The Commons did once reject a bill recommended by the King, but the Lords never made any opposition whatever. We are anxious to see Mr. Froude's opinion of the Parliament which passed the acts of attainder against the Duke of Norfolk and the Earl of Surrey, and to learn what he thinks became of the high and gallant spirit of the nobility and gentry during the ridiculous and dishonourable proceedings that facilitated the separation of the King from Anne of Cleves. The executions that followed the Pilgrimage of Grace will also furnish a convenient instance to test his theory. Lord Coke has a well-known story, as amply authenticated as a story can be, that Thomas Cromwell, on this occasion, inquired of the chief justices whether a man could be attainted of treason without being called to answer—that the judges replied, the law did not allow it, but a new Act of Parliament would make it possible—and that the obedient Houses immediately passed the required enactment. When Cromwell himself was condemned and executed in the rapid way that the King, with the concurrence of the nobility and gentry, was pleased to adopt, Cranmer, the head of the English peerage—who was aware of Cromwell's innocence and great services, and pleaded them in a letter to Henry—voted for his friend's attainder, as we gather from a note subjoined by the clerk of the House to the proceedings of that session, stating, with accidental or intentional irony, that during the session the votes of the Lords had been unanimous.

Owing, probably, to the unqualified admiration which he entertains for all the actions of the first Parliament that, under Henry's guidance, resisted ecclesiastical pretensions, Mr. Froude omits to notice a statute of their opening session, which has often been made the subject of animadversion and reproach. He tells the narrative of the legislation of the year 1529 so minutely, and Mr. Hallam has criticised the statute to which we refer so severely, that our author cannot have passed it over as

too small a matter to notice. By the last statute passed in that session, the legislature cancelled all debts then owing by the King to any of his subjects—a piece of robbery which, if it can be justified, at least needs to be justified, and is apparently of so gross and flagrant a nature, that it is hard to reconcile it with any unbounded respect for the Parliament that sanctioned it. We are quite certain that Mr. Froude did not omit it designedly, and we, therefore, suppose that he merely passed it by, as men who are full of a theory pass by all that their theory will not embrace. And in smaller matters we notice more omissions than we could wish, as we should be glad to think we might take Mr. Froude's account of England under the Tudors as the true one. In his opening chapter, for instance, he has some very interesting remarks on the general course of legislation at that period in its economic aspect; and he contends that statutes which would be thought to display an ignorance of political economy in the nineteenth century, were well adapted to the sixteenth, and that they proceeded from a wish to secure some object desirable in the condition of the country at that time, such as the defence of labour against capital, the honesty of trade, or the military power of the nation. But if we turn to the Statute-book, we can scarcely fail to be struck with the number of statutes that cannot be defended on such grounds, and of these Mr. Froude takes no notice. The same session of 1529 supplies an example. The Legislature, during that session, was induced, on the petition of the inhabitants of Bridport, to enact that no one should make cables within five miles of Bridport—thus giving a local monopoly to the workers inside the town; and in the petition incorporated as a preamble to the Act, is a statement that the manufacture of cables outside Bridport made cables dearer. This is a small point, but we cannot believe that a Parliament which could state as a fact what must be as manifestly untrue in one age as another—that monopoly is a source of cheapness—could really have had any economical opinions which, after making every allowance for the difference of times and circumstances, we can pronounce sound and wise. The Parliaments of those days, like the Parliaments of other days, respected vested interests—sometimes wisely, sometimes unwisely—and, economically speaking, effected some good and some harm by their measures. But Mr. Froude will not allow this. He sees no faults in his friends; and this, though amiable in private life, is an imperfection in a historian. If we may fairly attribute this imperfection to him, it is, however, the only imperfection, or almost the only one, that deducts from our admiration of these volumes. We hope in a succeeding notice to enter more minutely into their contents.

PUBLICANS AND SINNERS.*

WE have never seen a more curious illustration of the character of one of the greatest social nuisances of the age than is afforded by the pamphlet before us. We live under a religious tyranny of the most degrading and unscrupulous description; for it is exercised chiefly, though not exclusively, by anonymous writers, who—too often successfully—attempt to obtain by the basest arts of flattery, falsehood, and intimidation, that influence from which their stupidity and insignificance would otherwise debar them. We have already described the malignant virulence with which one great party in the Church of England is tyrannized over by a paper by which it most unwisely allows itself to be caricatured. We take the opportunity which Mr. Grant's publication affords, of calling attention to the fact that the Dissenting bodies live under a similar and, if possible, a still more degrading bondage. The political character of the *Morning Advertiser* is pretty extensively known. It forms the most marked exception to the general improvement which of late years has come over the tone of the daily press. In its columns may still be found the rabid ferocity, the callousness to honourable feeling, the reckless propagation of absurd accusations, which in former times too often characterized newspaper writers; and, not content with doing its utmost for the cause of strife upon earth and ill will amongst men, it has for some time been—to use the slang of its worthy coadjutor, the *Record*—"bearing a faithful testimony" upon religious matters. In other words, it has devoted a certain part of its space to denouncing men whose opinions it is utterly unable to understand, and to enforcing, as far as its influence extends, conformity with a certain narrow, ill-understood tradition which it calls orthodoxy. Unhappily there is amongst us so much self-conceit, so much shallow bigotry, so much inclination to denounce our neighbours for not seeming to agree with us upon matters which neither side understands, that such writers are sure not to want readers. It therefore becomes matter of no small importance to show the public the character of those blind guides whom they so submissively follow. This is our reason for calling attention to the dispute which the pamphlet before us records.

Some time ago, a Mr. Lynch, a Dissenting minister, published a book called *The Rieulet, a Contribution to Sacred Song*, which was denounced by the *Morning Advertiser* as "spiritually dead and dreary," and as not containing "one particle of vital

* The Controversy on important Theological Questions, between the *Eclectic Review*, the *Rev. Newman Hall*, and fifteen other Ministers on the one side, and Mr. J. Grant, Editor of the *Morning Advertiser*, on the other. Reprinted, with additions, from the *Morning Advertiser*. Third Edition. W. H. Collingridge. 1855.

religion or evangelical piety." The *Eclectic Review*, on the other hand, called *The Rivulet* "a charming volume," calculated to "refresh and delight the heart of the Christian." Here, under ordinary circumstances, one would have supposed the matter might rest. The one critic thought the book good, and the other thought it bad, and in any ordinary case each might have rested satisfied with his own opinion; but this is not the way in which "Christian reviewing" is carried on.

The *Morning Advertiser* published an article on the *Eclectic Review*, accusing it of "adopting and endorsing the cold, cheerless theology of Germany"—on the ground that it did not agree with the *Morning Advertiser* in the opinion that the absence from a volume of hymns of certain explicit doctrinal statements proved the book to be heretical. With characteristic taste and feeling, it went on to inform its readers that "a change as to editorship and proprietorship" had taken place in the *Eclectic Review*; and it warned that journal that, "unless it did something to neutralize the mischief which this review was calculated to produce, all confidence in its criticisms, so far as relates to theology, would be destroyed, and with the loss of confidence there must needs follow a loss of circulation." Nothing can illustrate the character of the religious tyranny to which we have referred more curiously than the manner in which the *Eclectic Review* treated this piece of low and coarse insolence. Instead of treating the beery controversialist with the contempt which he deserved, the editor wrote to his critic, the very day after the publication of the article, a most penitential letter, stating that Mr. Lynch's book had been "put into the hands of a friend," whom, "from several years' acquaintance, he knew to be a firm believer"—that he and his friend both felt it "abhorrent to their hearts and minds to endorse the cold, cheerless theology of Germany"—and that "in the forthcoming number there would appear articles," in particular, one "on German Protestantism, written by men whose names would afford the most ample guarantee for the theological character of the review." This timidity produced its natural result, in the shape of a notice by the Editor of the *Morning Advertiser*, in which, with all the impudent swagger natural to a "religious" bully, he remarked—"We would advise the Editor of the *Eclectic Review* to publish, as a postscript, in the February number, an explicit and decided repudiation of all sympathy with the incriminated article, accompanied with an expression of regret that it should have found its way into the columns of his journal." Otherwise, "we feel assured that the *Eclectic Review* will be a heavy sufferer in circulation as well as in character." This produced a somewhat indignant retort in the following number of the *Eclectic*, which was followed in the March number by a sort of testimonial, signed by Mr. Newman Hall, and fifteen other Dissenting ministers, who reprobated in strong terms the manner in which the *Morning Advertiser* had treated Mr. Lynch. They expressed their conviction that though, as was surely natural enough in a volume of *Hymns for the Heart and Voice*, the book did not contain "didactic theological statements," it nevertheless afforded evidence of the fact that the writer was a man of "earnest piety," and of "eminently Christian experience." The necessity of such a protest is not very obvious to the lay understanding. We should have thought that no human being whose opinion was worth having would have cared for the circumstance that a scurrilous paper had made a characteristically scurrilous remark upon a subject of which it would seem to be utterly ignorant, both theoretically and experimentally. It is a striking proof of the existence of the tyranny of which we complain, that these sixteen reverend gentlemen thought otherwise.

The treatment which the "protesters" received at the hands of the *Morning Advertiser* throws a curious light on the character of their antagonist. The issue between them was narrow. The sixteen ministers affirmed that the *Morning Advertiser* had treated Mr. Lynch unfairly, in drawing, from the admitted fact that his hymns contained no explicit dogmatic statement of three specified doctrines, the inference that they were destitute of all Christian characteristics—which inference Mr. Grant maintained to be legitimate. Such a controversy one would have supposed might have been conducted with logic, or at any rate with temper; but Mr. Grant seems quite incapable of either. Of his logic it will be enough to say that his argument is suicidal. He asserts again and again that there is nothing in the hymns in question which a Unitarian might not join in; and he maintains that the statement of a Unitarian, that there is nothing in the book which he could not use, is "conclusive upon the whole subject." Inasmuch as there is nothing in the Bible itself of which Unitarians would not say the same, this would put the Bible in the very same category with the hymns in question. Yet Mr. Grant has the astonishing impudence and ignorance to say that he "will not be put off by implied evidence that Mr. Lynch holds" the doctrines in question; for "the Scriptures do not deal in implied teachings on these" doctrines, all of which are therein "emphatically and dogmatically taught"—as if the world had not been debating on the import of the Biblical teaching respecting these subjects long before Mr. Grant became the oracle of a single beer-house, and would not continue to do so long after he has ceased to excite the fuddled polemics of a single taproom. Of the style and temper in which the controversy is conducted, we will leave our readers to judge from a few specimens. Here is a description of Mr. Grant's antagonists. We call particular attention to the foot-note, to the

paltry personal spite of the whole passage, and to the characteristic threat of personal consequences with which the passage closes:—

Several of the Rev. Gentlemen, whose names appear at the foot of this "Protest" against our criticisms, are known to have unsound views on some important religious points. One rejects entirely the second chapter of the Second Epistle of Peter, which he regards as an interpolation; another is known only for his strenuous and consistent opposition to the doctrine of eternal punishments; a third, when on the Continent, some few years ago, went duly through the forms of worship in a Popish cathedral, with as much seeming sympathy with the modes of devotion practised there, as if he had been one of the most zealous of Roman Catholics; and since his return he has been suspected, because of his intimate associations with Roman Catholics, of laxity in his Protestant principles. The views of a fourth are little worth, because, though a man of undoubted piety, he is the reverse of strong-minded, and is easily led by others; while the opinions of a fifth,* on more points than one, have long been regarded, by many of his brethren in the ministry, as anything but orthodox. We shall hereafter give the names of these gentlemen, with the authentication of our statements, in order that the religious world may know what value ought to be attached to their testimony in favour of the orthodoxy of Mr. Lynch's creed.

* The most manifest fruits of this Rev. Gentleman's ministerial labours consist, we are assured, of the great number of beards and moustaches to be found among his hearers. In this respect his congregation is described to us, as presenting a most picturesque facial aspect. While the crop of beards and moustaches is most abundant, no one can fail to be struck with the diversified and fantastic forms which the bushy protuberances have been made, in many instances, to assume.

Another instance of the miserable spirit in which such questions are treated in papers which "bear a faithful testimony," is to be found in the imputations which Mr. Grant throws out against his antagonist. "We beg to ask Mr. Newman Hall—who has the credit of having taken the initiative in the movement—whether he has read all our articles? We further ask the reverend gentleman, whether he has not admitted that he has not read all our articles on the subject?" It is natural enough, perhaps, that Mr. Grant should not consider that there is anything offensive in cross-examining a clergyman of eminence in the style in which members of the Old Bailey bar, who want to get a reputation for browbeating, cross-examine a ticket-of-leave man who comes to prove an *alibi*. But what are we to say of a man who, having made such an imputation as this, has the cowardice—after receiving an explicit statement from Mr. Hall that he had read the articles in question—to sneak out of the position which he had assumed, and, at the same time, to repeat the imputation in a still more offensive form, and with an assumption of the possession of some private information about the gentleman whom he attacks, which recalls the worst features in the conduct of the *Age* and *Satirist*:—

The reverend gentleman further oversteps the limits of fact, when he represents us as directly affirming that he did not read all our articles in reference to this subject. We merely put the question to him, whether he had read them all? We made no assertion on the subject. We further asked him whether he had not admitted that he had not read all our articles? To the latter question he gives no direct answer. But, for reasons which he well knows, we will not press that matter further at present.

As the character of the business in which he is engaged might have led us to expect, Mr. Grant is quite insensible to the distinction between fact and fiction. He has all the disingenuousness, with little of the cunning, which popular opinion attributes to special pleaders. Mr. Newman Hall asserted that he had read all the articles in the *Morning Advertiser* upon Mr. Lynch's book before he signed the postscript in the *Eclectic Review*. As his statement and Mr. Grant's contradiction are a perfect specimen of the disingenuousness of "religious" journalists, we give them at length. Mr. Hall says:—

It was the perusal of your first three notices of the *Rivulet*, which induced me, under a sense of the injustice done to its author, to express my admiration of the book at the meeting of the Colonial Missionary Society. Then followed two other articles, in one of which you expressed your surprise that I alone had ventured to recommend the book. These also I read several days before the Protest was drawn up.

Mr. Grant replies:—

The reverend gentleman admits, without seeming to be aware of it, that he has not read all our articles; for he says that he read three of them before he commended Mr. Lynch's book at the meeting of the Colonial Society. Now, we had published four articles before the time of that meeting; so that there was one which, according to his own showing, he had not read. He is no less mistaken, though in a different way, when he says that he read two more of our articles, published between the meeting of the Colonial Society and the signing of the "Protest." He could not have done this, inasmuch as he could not do an impossibility; for it so happens that only one article appeared in the interval which he specifies.

If our readers will take the trouble to look at the two extracts, they will see that Mr. Grant takes advantage of the ambiguity of the word "then," to misrepresent Mr. Hall's meaning in the most absurd manner. It is exquisitely characteristic of the mixture of effrontery and want of logic which distinguishes Mr. Grant, that because Mr. Hall thought his insulting questions worth answering, he infers that the other gentlemen of whom he asked the same questions, and who did not answer him, confess the imputation which the question conveyed.

One of the most revolting peculiarities of this system of religious tyranny is its inquisitorial character. Just as the *Record* publishes all sorts of scandal about the private affairs of the clergy, the *Morning Advertiser* is continually making statements which violate all the privacies and decencies of life. For example:—

Just as the last paragraph of this pamphlet was about to be put to press, we have received the astounding information that the reverend gentleman

who drew up the protest had actually only read two out of our five articles. How a minister of the Gospel could deliberately sit down and draw out a formal condemnation of articles which he had never seen, we leave others to say. And to awfully aggravate the matter, he commences the document with the assertion of what is absolutely untrue, &c.

So again,—

Mr. Newman Hall says, he feels satisfaction, &c. We are bound to believe the reverend gentleman, *although those who have conversed with him on the subject have left a contrary impression on our minds.*

Who is safe if a man is to go on day by day printing or hinting at reports of private conversations about a man's private feelings? Hardly less characteristic of the temper of controversies of this kind is the keen eye to business with which they are conducted. Mr. Grant's pamphlet is full of assertions that he is doing the world the greatest possible service; and that he receives acknowledgments on all hands of the extraordinary effect which he is producing, and of insinuations that this kind of occupation is as profitable to the circulation of his paper as to the welfare of his readers' souls. We conclude with an extract which sets this in a clearer light than anything which we could say. We wish more particularly to point out Mr. Grant's determination not to be proud, because it is wrong, and the astonishing impudence with which he insinuates—though, characteristically enough, he does not directly assert—that his *Paterfamilias* is identical with the well-known correspondent of the *Times*. If he is, we can only say that such of our readers as have the curiosity to refer to the pamphlet will find a wonderful falling-off in his style:—

The Light in which this Important Controversy is regarded by the Public.—The number of letters which we have received, relative to this controversy, exceeds anything which we could have conceived within the pale of probability. And what is to us as gratifying, as it is extraordinary, is the fact, that in no one single instance has any one undertaken to offer even a modified vindication of the conduct of the Fifteen Protesters. It is generally said, that there are always two sides to a question; we have not found it so in this case. All the letters we have received have been of one uniform tenor, and that tenor what we have stated. Numbers, too, of evangelical clergymen of the Church of England, and ministers of both the two great Dissenting bodies, have waited personally on us, to express their gratitude and gladness at the course we have pursued in connexion with this most momentous controversy. *We do not allude to these facts in any spirit of boasting. We do it, on the contrary, in a spirit of deep humility;* but we deem it to be our duty to acknowledge how much cheered and encouraged we have been by the marked and manifold expressions of approval and regard which have greeted us in the course of the great conflict for truths which so deeply involve the Divine glory and the eternal interests of man, in which we have been engaged for the last two months,—amidst the most arduous and onerous secular labours which it could possibly fall to the lot of man to perform.

There is one letter, and only one, out of the multitude which we have received, to which we think it right to make particular reference, and from which to give one or two short extracts. We allude to a letter addressed to us by "PATER FAMILIAS," which signature must be familiar to all the readers of the public journals, since the letters of few men have more frequently appeared in the *Times*, *Morning Advertiser*, and other morning papers, than those which have proceeded from his pen. For point, pungency, and conclusive argument, he has few equals among the newspaper writers of the day. Let us, then, invite attention to the way in which he—an eminent literary man—speaks of the "Protest" of the "Fifteen," in a letter addressed to us in our capacity of Editor of the *Morning Advertiser*.

Of the subject-matter of the controversy we have nothing to say. We know nothing whatever of the gentlemen engaged in it, nor do we know anything of Mr. James Grant beyond the facts which he communicates to all the world; but we feel it a duty to expose the true character of persons who, presuming upon the lamentable ignorance of theology which exists in all classes, and especially amongst the clergy, have set on foot a sort of quackery by which they become, like all quacks, the most intolerable tyrants over those who put faith in them. We will only add, in justice to ourselves and to English journalism generally, that nothing would have induced us to allude to Mr. Grant personally in this matter had he not thought fit publicly to advertise himself as the editor of the newspaper which he conducts. We greatly regret that he has taken this course; and nothing could illustrate more forcibly the desirableness of invariably maintaining the well-understood rule which has hitherto so powerfully contributed to raise the character of the press of this country.

HEINE'S BOOK OF SONGS.*

HEINE'S *Book of Songs*, like Tennyson's *In Memoriam*, draws its inspiration from a single theme. But the English poet, while adhering to the same poetic form, and revolving round the same central emotion, takes a wide sweep of thought—the German poet, on the contrary, keeps within a narrow circle of ideas and feelings, but perpetually varies his poetic form. Unhappy love is the almost unvarying theme of the *Book of Songs*; but we have read them *seriatim*, again and again, without any disagreeable sense of monotony—so ever changing, ever charming, are the melodies of Heine's verse, so inexhaustibly diversified are the modes in which his imagination presents the same feeling. He gives it us in eerie dreams, in ballads, in idyls, in sonnets, and most of all in delicious little lyrics, which he seems to find as easy as sighing; and everywhere there is the same wonderful grace—everywhere there is that completeness of expression without effort, which reminds us of nothing so much

as of the rapid revelations of feeling which may be read in a beautiful and expressive human face. There is no awkward inversion—no far-fetched combination of epithets—no betrayal of art. Song seems as natural to Heine as to the thrush and the nightingale, and, while you are reading him, it is prose that appears artificial.

Here is the reason why his poems are so difficult to be translated—or rather, so utterly untranslatable by any one who is only a versifier and not a poet. Rhythm and rhyme are no fetters to Heine—they are rather the wings on the sandals of the God, that help him to float through ether with all the more buoyancy. To be simple, idiomatic, and poetic is with him the same thing; but with the generality of translators it is quite another affair. Instead of floating through ether, they toil heavily along the ground. They may make a meritorious effort to be faithful—to say just what Heine says; but there is much the same likeness between their verses and his as between the phrase "I love you," which no one can hear quite unmoved, and the phrase "I feel a tender passion for you," which probably would not greatly move any one; or as between the ever-to-be-quoted lines—

I could not love thee, dear, so well,
Loved I not honour more;—

and the never-to-be-quoted paraphrase—

My love would be inferior, dear,
Were honour not supreme.

In translation, something might be done by patient labour towards compensating for the want of the original *afflatus*; but, unfortunately, translators have usually either too little patience or too low an ideal. They are too easily tired, or too easily satisfied, or they give their patience to the production of quantity rather than quality. A few of Heine's poems finely translated would make the English reader better acquainted with the poet than a feeble English version of the whole. But the American translator, Mr. Leland, undertakes to translate all the poems as well as all the prose—so that, notwithstanding his ability, he necessarily achieves a much larger amount of failure than of success; and Mr. Wallis now presents us with the whole *Book of Songs*, when we should probably have been able to thank him much more for a small selection. This might have been one of the cases in which a part is greater than the whole.

Mr. Wallis writes very modestly in his preface. He has not thrust his translations on the public hastily, but had long withheld them because they fell below his own requirements; and he was only encouraged to publish them at last by the fact that other translations of Heine, perhaps not superior to his own, have been favourably received. He is clearly a very competent German scholar, and his rendering is generally a close one. With some exceptions, he reproduces faithfully the meaning of the original; but, alas! he fails to reproduce their charm. The scent of the violet is gone; the living song has become mechanical verse; and very often the line-for-line rendering only makes the contrast more striking.

Every reader of Heine remembers the little lyric—

Herz, mein Herz, sei nicht beklommen,
Und ertrage dein Geschick,
Neuer Frühling giebt zurück,
Was der Winter dir genommen.
Und wie viel ist dir geblieben!
Und wie schön ist noch die Welt!
Und, mein Herz, was dir gefällt,
Alles, Alles darfst du lieben!

The English reader will understand the charm of this little lyric, when we tell him that it resembles that of Burns's more pathetic songs. The following is Mr. Wallis's version:—

Heart, my heart, oh, be not troubled!
Bear thy lot, though hard it be;
Spring will give thee back redoubled
All that winter took from thee.
Think how lovely is creation!
Think what joys await thy call!
All things bring thee consolation,
Thou art free to love them all!

This assuredly does not resemble Burns. "Think how lovely is creation!" sounds very much like a quotation from a Unitarian Hymn-book. We are amazed that a mind so evidently accomplished as Mr. Wallis's could allow such a miserable platitude to stand.

In another lyric of the same class, he seems to have missed Heine's meaning entirely, and turns a bit of imaginative pathos into a flat prosaism:—

They both of them loved, but neither
The truth to the other would say;
They met so proudly and coldly,
While both were pining away.
They parted at length, and in future
Encounter'd in dreams alone;
They died long since, and to neither
The fate of the other was known.

The two last lines in the original are—

Sie waren längst gestorben
Und wussten es selber kaum—

meaning that the state of separation from each other was so like death, that death was hardly a change.

Again, Mr. Wallis entirely loses the point of Sonnet III. He renders the concluding lines thus:—

For when fair Fortune's gifts are from us reft,
And broken by the hand of destiny;
And when the fragments at our feet are flung;
And when the heart within our breast is wrung,
Wrung, rent, and wounded irrecoverably,—
A bitter laugh is all that we have left.

In the original the last line is

Dann bleibt uns doch das schöne gelle Lachen.*

This does not mean—nothing is left to us but laughter. It means—laughter is still left to us. And Heine valued that residuum considerably.

We were bound to indicate the deficiencies in Mr. Wallis's book, and to warn the reader that it will not in the least qualify him to pronounce on Heine's merits as a poet. But there is no need to dwell longer on those deficiencies, and we may now do what is more agreeable—give a specimen of Mr. Wallis's more successful efforts as a translator. Here is a little poem which he has rendered at once closely and poetically:—

My love, we sat together,
Alone in our fragile bark.
The night was still, and we floated
Over the waters dark.

The spirit Isle, the lovely,
Lay dim in moonlight trance;
Sweet sounded magic music,
And waved the misty dance.

The music grew sweeter and sweeter
The dance waved to and fro;
But we, on the wide, wide ocean,
Floated in silent woe.

THE REPUBLIC OF ANDORRE.*

THE anonymous volume before us, though not exactly answering our notions of a really good book of travels, is certainly better than the average. The subject is less hackneyed than most; for, the southern side of the Pyrenees generally is less known to Englishmen than most other parts of Europe, and very few indeed have penetrated into—not many, we fancy, have even heard of—the Republic of Andorre. The author, though not quite exempt from either failing, does not indulge so much in flippancy or in fine writing as most of his class; and a single application of the scissors would get rid of three or four pages of nonsense in different parts of the volume. In the little State of Andorre, he has found a subject which we could almost wish he had tried to work out in a fuller and more permanent form than that of a circulating library book.

Andorre is like a fragment of the middle ages surviving to the present day. It is one of the oldest States in Europe, and preceded any Swiss or Lombard republic in its appearance in history. Its origin dates from two charters of Charlemagne and his son Louis the Pious. The later of the two, bearing date 805, is still, according to our author, preserved in the archives of the Republic, where he himself inspected it, with the signatures of Charles and Louis, and the confirmations of later Emperors. One would greatly desire to see a facsimile, or at least a transcript, of so invaluable a document. We might add, that we should like to have the opinion of some skilful paleographer as to its genuineness—only there is not the same *a priori* probability of forgery which there would be in the case of a great French monastery.

By these Carolingian charters, the people of Andorre, in reward for their military services to the Emperors, are recognised as independent; but they are authorized, if they find it necessary, to elect a Count as their protector. The territory is recognised as an asylum for fugitives from other States, and political equality within the Republic is recommended. According to our author, the Bishop of Urgel was endowed with the tithes of the six parishes which form this little commonwealth, but no temporal superiority was recognised in him or any one else—the supreme rights of the Roman Empire being doubtless expressly or tacitly reserved. This is of importance, as both the Bishops of Urgel and the Counts of Foix have claimed a superiority over the Republic, which some have supposed to be coeval with its origin, but which our author maintains to be a later usurpation. According to him, Charles the Bald, in violation of the grant of his predecessors, invested the Counts of Urgel with a superiority over the Republic. This was disputed by the Bishops of Urgel, who called in the Counts of Foix to expel those of Urgel, and divide the sovereignty of the valley. The Prelates seem to have treated the Counts much as Ferdinand the Catholic treated Louis XII. in the partition of Naples. The Counts of Urgel were expelled, but the Counts of Foix never obtained any share of the spoil. Hence arose further disensions between the Bishops and the Counts of Foix, till, after some centuries of confusion, a settlement was made, in 1278, by which the internal independence of the Republic was recognised; but the Count of Foix and the Bishop of Urgel were also recognised as entitled to a certain superiority, chiefly consisting in the nomination of the chief criminal judge of the commonwealth. The rights of the Counts of Foix became ultimately merged in the Crown of France. From the

time of their connexion with France, Andorre, though physically part of Spain, has been to France very much what Platæa, physically part of Boeotia, was to Athens. It formed an outpost in a rival country, which, as both justice and policy dictated, would be better maintained by affection than by force. Andorre therefore remained warmly attached to her protectors, the Bourbon kings. Perhaps, in strictness, a superiority vested in them, not as kings of France, but as representatives of the old Counts of Foix, ought still to be vested in their exiled descendants. Certain it is that Andorre refused to recognise the first French Republic. But in 1805—just a thousand years after its foundation by Charlemagne—Andorre renewed its connexion with the monarch who professed to have renewed his Empire. In consideration of a small tribute—960 francs—the Republic received great commercial privileges from the first Napoleon; and the Protectorate has continued to be vested in the successive Governments of France—conjointly, according to our author, with the see of Urgel.

Is Andorre an independent State? Our author argues the question at some length, and decides in the affirmative. He states his case as one of modern international law; but it is one to be viewed with mediæval rather than modern eyes. What is meant by a Sovereign State in the modern European system is perfectly intelligible. It is certainly not, as the case of Greece shows, inconsistent with the existence of a foreign protectorate. Since the Holy Roman Empire has ceased to exist, Parma is, *de jure*, as much a Sovereign State as Austria. But, for some centuries after the foundation of Andorre, it would have been very difficult to define what a Sovereign State was. The early mediæval theory invested almost every landed proprietor with some of the rights of sovereignty—it invested only one of the princes of the earth with all of them. The Roman Emperor was to be supreme over all; and where sovereignty began among those beneath him, it would have been hard to say. Andorre seems to have been intended to recognise no superior but the Emperor—a position as high as that of any potentate of western Christendom out of our own islands; but a very considerable amount of independence would not have been inconsistent with the recognition of an intermediate superiority in some King, Count, or Bishop. Such complications of right meet us at every turn in the middle ages. The Swiss by no means professed to refuse all rights either to the Empire or the House of Austria. They only rejected recent and oppressive claims, contrary to their ancient privileges. Geneva was a free imperial city; but both Bishops and Counts possessed powers which, as every one knows, eventually came to threaten its freedom. The odd complication of a protectorate shared between the Sovereign of France and a prelate who is a Spanish subject, is not without its parallel. In the Grey League among the Grisons, at the establishment of the Republic, certain prerogatives were reserved to some lay-nobles of the country and the Abbot of Disentis. In process of time, one of the baronies in question was inherited by the House of Austria, and one was seized by certain villages in the neighbourhood, which were held to have become possessed of its rights. Hence, the powers of the old aristocracy became vested in three persons—1st, the Abbot of Disentis; 2nd, the Imperial Ambassador, representing the Emperor in his character of Baron of Rhätzens; 3rd, a temporary Count of Sax—i.e. a person, often a peasant, elected by the villages which had absorbed that county, to exercise the Count's rights for the nonce. This is surely not less grotesque than the joint protectorate of the King of France and the Bishop of Urgel.

The presence of a foreign criminal judge was one of the very commonest forms of these complications of rights. The right of appointing one was often the only mark of sovereignty retained by the Emperor or other superior lord; and even when no such right existed, it was often usual, as is the case of the Italian podestàs, for a free city voluntarily to elect one. On the whole, Andorre, viewed according to mediæval notions, was from the beginning as much or as little sovereign as any free commonwealth of Germany, Italy, or Switzerland. Afterwards, we may see that it was more so, when the Imperial claims had quite died out in that part of Europe; but how far it is entitled to rank as a sovereign State in the modern European system is another matter. Let us hope that the question may never become a practical one. Andorre can never be attacked by any powers but France or Spain; and while Spain, in its present condition, is not likely to assail a State under French protection, it is difficult to see what possible interest France can ever have in invading the privileges of her humble ally.

The account of the constitution and condition of this little State are well worth reading. The Government seems to be a sort of mild aristocracy—if one can apply such a word to a condition of things where there is hardly any social or educational inequality. Nor does the condition of the people speak badly for the working of their republican institutions. As might be expected from their geographical position, the Andorrians are in most respects behind the rest of Europe; but they are both contented and prosperous in their own way, and their moral standard is decidedly superior to that of either their French or their Spanish neighbours. The Republic does not maintain any diplomatic agents; and, indeed, its highest functionaries do not seem to be quite *au courant* with passing events. The Syndic, or chief magistrate, visited by our author, was aware that France was at war with Russia; but he did not know that England had any share in the business, nor had he heard the name of Sebastopol. In proposing the health of the Sovereign of England,

* *Border Lands of Spain and France. With an Account of a Visit to the Republic of Andorre.* Chapman and Hall.

he was in some perplexity whether to speak of the Queen or the Empress.

Our author elsewhere gives us an account of the mediæval religious drama which still exists in Cordagne, where he witnessed one of those marvellous representations. A chapter on the Cagots and other "*raças maudites*" does not contain so much information as we had hoped. The author inclines to the belief that the Cagots were Christians from Spain—partly Spanish and partly Arabian by origin—who had been allowed to cross the Pyrenees by Charlemagne, and who, becoming hostile to the disaffected Aquitanians, and, afterwards infected with heresy, gradually sunk into their despised condition.

There is also a chapter on the political condition of Spain, about which the author's suggestions are not remarkably clear or definite. To the very obvious suggestion of preserving constitutional monarchy as the form of Government, but working it better than is done by Queen Isabella and her Ministry, he adds—what may be worth considering—the allowance of greater local independence to the various provinces, which are still very imperfectly united. Of the church and clergy in Northern Spain he gives an account not more favourable than that which Mr. Meyrick gives of those in the south. On the whole, this is a pleasant little book, and it contains the raw materials of something better. If our author and his friend the Syndic could supply us with a cartulary of Andorre, they would be doing a real service to historical literature.

THREE-VOLUME NOVELS.*

IT must often have occurred to our readers to ask how the great mass of three-volume novels come to be written, and who their readers can be? Their existence would seem to prove that, somewhere or other, there must be a class of persons who find amusement in reading catalogues of unusual names prefixed to long strings of utterly uninteresting assertions intended for conversations, and interwoven with a quantity of more or less remotely connected statements, affirming, amongst other things, that two people fell in love with each other, and were ultimately married. The mystery involved in the question, Who read the novels? is not unlike that which lies in the problem, "Who read the advertisements?" Every one reads so often of something to somebody else's advantage, and is so frequently beset with inquiries as to whether he bruises his oats, or does several other things equally unfamiliar to himself and to all his acquaintance, that most of us are at times puzzled at the inexhaustible quantity of apparently useless information which is daily provided for the instruction of mankind. To any one to whom reading is either a pleasure or a business, a three-volume novel is a kind of voice crying in the wilderness, of which it is equally difficult to conjecture from whom it proceeds, or to whom it is addressed. The truth is, like the Three Estates of the Realm, trial by jury, a married woman's right to dower, or a married man's estate by the courtesy of England, the three-volume novel is one of those institutions under which the British Empire has reached its present unexampled pitch of prosperity. The wisdom of our ancestors has erected in every town, village, and watering-place in these islands, certain establishments called circulating libraries, which are supplied by a few central London publishing houses. Let a person once distinguish himself by writing any one thing which obtains the reputation of being amusing, and forthwith there is established an unflinching demand for his writings amongst this class of amusement brokers. No human being, except the keepers of circulating libraries, will buy a copy of his books; but they will buy anything if it is written in three volumes, and printed in large type, with a wide margin. What is more singular still is, that they will not only buy it, but will find means to let it out at two-pence a volume to a not inconsiderable class of people, who, without exercising any discretion of their own, meekly accept whatever the circulating library sends them, and after a certain time return it, more or less read, and ask for more. The quantity of rubbish which comes to be written in this way is incalculable, and the quantity of utter idleness which it produces—idleness compared with which mere vacuity of mind is healthy and energetic employment—is also incalculable. We have undergone the labour of examining a specimen of this kind of literature, characteristically denominated *Rank and Beauty*, and we will record as well as we can the results of our adventure.

Once upon a time there was a peeress in her own right called Lady Umfraville, who was very young, very rich, and very beautiful. She had an estate in Leicestershire, and a house in London; and she lived with her father (Mr. Windham) at Enmore in Somersetshire. They had some neighbours called Lord and Lady Amery, who had a son called Prior Vernon. Mr. Windham and Lady Umfraville went up to town for the season. Evelyn Lady Umfraville was very romantic; and whilst still Miss Windham, she had contrived, by reading the newspapers, to fall hopelessly in love with the Prime Minister of the day, who was "gradually wrought up by her fancy into the realization of that ideal perfection which is the day-dream of the enthusiastic." This "unseen idol of Evelyn's heart" was Lord Rupert Conway, who had been "called while still a youth to the first situation which a

subject can hold in the universe." As the whole plot is laid in the present reign, and as Prime Ministers are few in number, it is impossible not to wonder who is represented by this noble youth. We have only Lord Melbourne, Sir Robert Peel, Lord John Russell, Lord Derby, Lord Aberdeen, and Lord Palmerston to choose from. The youthfulness would seem to point to the present Premier; but the chivalry of the following description inclines us to believe that Mr. Windham must have taken in the *Morning Herald* and the *Press*, and that Miss Windham must have conceived, let us hope, an unrequited passion for Lord Derby:—

Evelyn gave one glance. It was enough—she was not disappointed. It seemed as if a picture on which she had long gazed was suddenly instinct with life, and had stepped from its frame before her. His tall figure, the distinguished simplicity of his air—it [here the grammar breaks down under the burden of the thought] was a living Vandyke, a Cavalier, one of his [whose?] noble cavalier ancestors, or one to whom her fancy had always likened him, who long of yore had with an Umfraville fought with the Paynims far beyond the sea. Was this reality?

We should be rather inclined to doubt whether it was; but as far as we can understand the last sentence, the young lady ought to have remembered the injunction that a woman may not marry her grandfather, for if the gentleman in question had fought "with Paynims" in the Crusades, he must have stood in some such relation to her.

After the introduction of Lord Rupert Conway, there is a certain grave pause in the story, the progress of which through the first volume is something as follows:—

Lady Umfraville went to a party,
Lady Umfraville went to stay with Lord Ipswich (Lord Rupert Conway's father), at Richmond, for some days. She saw Lord Rupert there.

Mr. Windham returned to town.

On the 12th May (the year is not mentioned), Lady Umfraville went to the Horticultural Show with Lady Amery. Lord Rupert Conway, "stepping before a dazzling bank of azalias," said, "Are not these beautiful?" "Beautiful!" answered Lady Umfraville, "and I am so fond of azalias."

Lady Umfraville dined at Lord Amery's.

Lady Umfraville went to Almack's.

Lady Umfraville went to the Horticultural Gardens again.

Lady Umfraville went to Wandsworth, to take care of some little girls, giving up a concert, where she might perhaps have seen Lord Rupert, for that purpose. She met the Duke of Plesingham at Wandsworth, who proposed to give a tournament at Plessey Canons in her honour.

Mr. Windham asked Sir Luttrell Wycherley to dinner. He was a man who always tried to attract notice by affecting oddity. He once lived four months in a fire-balloon for that purpose; in which he was, he says, "at the mercy of the elements; tossed by the winds, a spark would have blazed my habitation like a rocket, and left me to fall like the stick; and more than once, in passing through a cloud, my fire was extinguished, and down I came. It was in the desert."

Lady Umfraville talked to Sir Luttrell Wycherley, and also to Mr. Prior Vernon.

Lady Umfraville sat for her picture.

Lady Umfraville went to Windsor, and met Lord Rupert Conway there—on the top of the Round Tower. "What an unrivalled view!" exclaimed she. "You are pleased with your visit?" said he. "Enchanted! a Queen to live and die under—to live and die for." "Ha! cried he, with sudden emotion, and with an *eureka* expression of countenance" (we have heard of *eureka* shirts), "as if he had found a heart in unison with his own."

That evening Lady Umfraville went to the Opera. The season in London was over early, because there was a general election.

Lady Umfraville went into Somersetshire, and afterwards into Leicestershire.

Mr. Prior Vernon made her an offer, and was refused.

Lady Umfraville went into Kent, to visit the Duke of Plesingham. She went out in a yacht, which got into a fog and—got out again.

This concludes the first volume. In the second, the writer seems to think his book may be a little deficient in life, and gives a good deal of incident. There is a tournament at Plessey Canons, where there is an unknown knight (Lord Rupert Conway), who fights the Knight of the Scorpion (Sir Luttrell Wycherley) with real swords. "Rushing on the unguarded flank of his antagonist, he struck it with his sword so fierce and strong, that the armour rent, and the sheer-descending blow unhorsed the rider, flinging him, stunned and breathless, to the ground." Sir Luttrell Wycherley and the Duke of Plesingham both make offers to Lady Umfraville, who refuses them both. Several incidents lead Lord Rupert Conway to suppose that she has accepted the Duke; amongst which may be mentioned her taking a voyage to Spain in his yacht, to recover from a brain fever caused by Lord Rupert's neglect, and travelling with him from Gibraltar to Cadiz. If our readers have any curiosity to know what came of it all, they must read the book for themselves. We broke down in the second volume, and are quite unable to say whether and when the hero and heroine were married—or, if not, why not, or how otherwise.

We should not have noticed this most absurd rubbish if we had not wished to show what inconceivable twaddle people will imagine to be amusing, if it is put into something which they are accustomed

* *Rank and Beauty*; or, *the Young Baroness*. Hurst and Blackett. 1856.

to call a novel. We have done the book no injustice—on the contrary, our abstract is far less dreary than the original, for we have spared our readers hundreds of pages of what is meant for conversation, which dribbles on, to use an expression of Mr. Carlyle's, "like an everflowing tide of ditch-water," after the following fashion:—

Persons may admire a character that they do not fully understand; and how much devoted attachment has been often shown by those who felt only the attachment, and who cared for the enthusiasm only because they cared for the enthusiast.

We have not a notion who says this; but it appears to us that it does not much matter whether it is put into the mouth of man, woman, or child, or whether it is read backwards, forwards, or beginning in the middle, for we cannot detect in it any meaning, either general or particular. We do not know that *Rank and Beauty* is worse than other books of its kind—it is probably an average specimen of a detestable genus. To conclude with a long established formula—If our article induces one circulating library not to order this work, our labour will not have been given in vain.

VEHSE'S AUSTRIA.

Second Notice.

HIS white horse, galloping riderless along their lines, announced to the Swedes the death of their great king. It seemed, for a moment, as if this blow was to lead to a defeat; but the prompt encouragement of their new commander retrieved the fortune of the day. "Whoever," he cried, "wishes to show that he loved the king, let him follow me now." In vain Pappenheim, who had brought up reinforcements from Halle, charged on this, the last of his fields, with his usual impetuosity—the battle was lost for the Emperor. "Wallenstein's luck waned before the rising star of Bernard of Weimar." The Imperialist commander, lately so irresistible, went off to Bohemia, to meet his destiny. The Swedes swore fidelity to Duke Bernard, over the body of their fallen monarch, and he entered on that short but brilliant career which has placed his name so high among German princes—among German princes, we say, not among great men, for we entirely agree with Dr. Vehse that "Feuquières very likely had a correct opinion of the duke, when he writes, '*C'est un prince d'un grand cœur et d'un esprit médiocre, fort vaillant, et d'une ambition sans bornes.*'"

Dr. Vehse throws little new light on the Wallenstein tragedy, although he gives us many particulars about the persons concerned in it. Whoever cares to know more than Schiller tells him about Ottavio Piccolomini, Gallas, Altringer, Butler, Leslie, Illo, Tersky, and the whole crew of gallant miscreants who figured in the fall of the Friedlander, will find much to interest him in these pages. "The whole state of the question (says Dr. Vehse) may be summed up in a few words: *there is not one tittle of positive evidence against Wallenstein in all that has been found, either at Vienna, or in the royal archives of Sweden, or in the papers of Arnim, which are kept at Boitzenburg, the family seat of the Arnims.*" Ferdinand II. had 3000 masses said for the soul of his murdered general. This fact is delightfully characteristic of the man. He died in 1637, with a consecrated taper in his hand, and his son, another Ferdinand, reigned in his stead. To his time belong the last and most terrible years of the Thirty Years' War, when a great part of Germany became almost a desert. We pass over this hideous period. In 1648, the Peace of Westphalia, "that ever-to-be remembered and holy treaty," gave back something like prosperity to the long afflicted land. Dr. Vehse mentions that the passport system was first introduced as a security against the brigands, who, like the Highland caterans after the rebellion of 1745, now made the roads everywhere dangerous.

We wish we had room to sketch the long reign of Leopold I., (1657—1705), for he is in some sort the typical Austrian ruler, combining those peculiar qualities of head and heart which are characteristic of the race to which he belonged. The Jesuits called him "The Great." A very amusing account of him, when candidate for the Imperial dignity, is given by Marshal de Grammont, and quoted in p. 475. We recommend it to our readers, especially the part beginning, "Having an unusually large mouth, which he always keeps open," &c. The frightful cruelties which signalized the triumph of this monarch in Hungary were only part of a carefully considered plan. Dr. Vehse is indebted to Hormayr for the following minutes of the advice of the Spanish ambassador, given to the Court of Vienna about eighty years before the "bloody assize" of Eperies, in which it was so admirably acted on:—

As to the Hungarian barbarians, one should put over them foreign governors, who were to promulgate new and quite arbitrary laws, and to harass and oppress them in all sorts of ways without any legal redress. If the Hungarians applied to Vienna, the answer should be given, "that his Majesty had not the least cognizance of all this; and that he was greatly displeased with these proceedings." In this way, the Hungarian boasts, who never saw further than their own noses, would not be able to fix any reproach on the Emperor, and would turn all their hatred only against the Governors. These, in spite of every difficulty and danger, should not swerve one hair's breadth from the great object; they should do their utmost to drive the Hungarians to frenzy, by the most perfidious and crafty proceedings; and decree quite unheard-of chastisements against the disaffected nobles. The Hungarian nation, proud of its liberties, and quite unused to such a yoke, would then necessarily rise in rebellion against the uncompromising Governors; which would give the latter a most desirable opportunity, without any form of judgment or law, to dictate

most cruel punishments and tortures against the traitors. The Hungarians, thus driven to desperation, would apply for help to their brethren in faith and to their neighbours; and when, in this way, the crop of high treason was standing in full ear, *the heads of the greatest and best should fall first.*

Leopold was succeeded by his eldest son, Joseph I., a prince who may be considered virtuous, if judged by the Austrian Imperial standard. He was less bigoted than his predecessor, and had no great vices except pride and excessive sensuality. Like his father, he was fond of music and of hunting. Like him, he hated the French. Marlborough was his idol. "I am burning with desire to make the acquaintance of your illustrious Generalissimo," he wrote to Sir George Stepney, and when the hero actually appeared in Vienna, he was treated with the greatest attention. Caroline of Brandenburg-Anspach, who afterwards became the wife of George II., was likely at one time to be married to Joseph; but she steadily refused to change her religion, and this objection to the match was insuperable. The Emperor detested the Jesuits and the saintly Camarilla at Court, and with his reign began that struggle with the priesthood which came to a head in the times of Maria Theresa and her successor. On one occasion, Joseph was so provoked by an attack which the great Order made on his confessor, that he threatened to send the whole of the Jesuits in the Austrian dominions across the frontier. For these and other proceedings of his rebellious son, the Pope Clement XI. revenged himself by a homily, which was published. In this composition, the Holy Father satirized the dissolute Emperor after a fashion more forcible than delicate. Things certainly did go pretty far; for when the Jesuits remonstrated against some concessions to the Protestants of Silesia, which Charles XII. had demanded, the Emperor, losing his temper, replied, "You had better sing a *Te Deum* that Charles has not asked me to become a Lutheran; verily, I do not know what I should have done, if he had." Joseph I. died of the smallpox, in 1711, at the early age of thirty-three. To this, in those days, so frightful disease, two Emperors and six archdukes and archduchesses fell victims during the eighteenth century.

The most conspicuous person in Austria from 1700 to 1736 was undoubtedly Prince Eugene, and to him Dr. Vehse devotes a great many pages in his notice of the reign of Charles VI. An extract from one of Eugene's letters to the Palatine of Hungary is quoted, and presents a marked contrast to the advice of the Spanish ambassador cited above. Many readers will be amused by the absurd details of Austrian etiquette—the "Spanish reverence" which the Emperor received from the Electors—the "French reverence," or half-bow, which he made to them—the red heels of the lower nobility, the wigs which cost a thousand dollars—the hussars, military above, and civil below, in their dress—and the one hundred hours which the poor Duc de Richelieu passed in Church with the Emperor between Palm Sunday and the Wednesday after Easter. The wretched condition of Austria at the beginning of Maria Theresa's reign may be judged of from the fact that the general who took the chief command when Frederic the Great commenced hostilities, had a short time before, been obliged tamely to submit to the grossest insults at the hands of the Turks. "Thou infidel dog," the Pasha of Bosnia said to him when he went to negotiate for peace, "thou sayest not one word of what the Vizier Wallis has offered; thou shalt be sent to Constantinople, and be punished as thou deservest." Even when the enthusiasm of the Hungarians had rescued the Empress-Queen from her worst perplexities, the state of things was truly deplorable. Trenck, who was guiltless of geography, perpetrated the most shocking atrocities with perfect impartiality on Bavarian, Bohemian, and Austrian ground. His irregulars "burned and murdered, from sheer wantonness." The gentle mother of Marie Antoinette was obliged at last, with much reluctance, to yield to the complaints which were made against this meritorious commander. He was condemned to death; but his sentence was commuted into not a very rigorous imprisonment. He died as a Capuchin, surrounded by the brothers of that Order, and requested that he might be buried in their vaults, in the rather unreasonable hope "that the Devil might thus be cheated out of his poor soul, which he had looked forward with such pleasure to having."

We recommend any of our readers who are very enthusiastic about Maria Theresa to turn to page 180 of the second volume of this work, where a sketch is given of some of the cruelties to which she lent her sanction. This Empress, although much over-praised, was nevertheless a remarkable sovereign. She was often most kind to individuals, and in public matters she acted rather *præter* than *contra legem*. Her absolutism was, as Hormayr says, "idyllic-despotic." By clever management, she broke the spirit of the nobility, and, acting on the good old Austrian maxim of "Divide et impera," kept the discordant nationalities of which her empire was composed in a state of chronic antagonism. She abolished the office of Palatine in Hungary, and did not allow the Diet to be mentioned, much less convoked, during the last sixteen years of her maternal reign; but as a set-off, the heir of the crown wore Hungarian trousers, talked the Magyar language, and had a Bathany for his tutor. The principal instruments of the Empress in germanizing the provinces which owned her sway, were not Austrians born. Haugwitz was a Silesian, and so was Hatzfeld. Chotek was a Bohemian, and a greater than all, Kaunitz, though born at Vienna, was descended from an ancient Moravian house. This great Minister was the youngest of a

family of not less than twenty children. He was destined for the church, and became Canon of Münster in his cradle. The opportune death of some of his brothers improved his prospects, and he entered the diplomatic service, after studying in the Universities of Vienna, Leipzig, and Leyden, and making the grand tour. He passed through the usual career of his profession with great rapidity, and was, when still very young, sent on a mission to the Italian Courts. When the Minister, Uhlefeld, laid his first despatch from Turin on the table of the Empress, he said, "Here is your Majesty's first Minister." This flattering prophecy was soon fulfilled. Kaunitz was placed at the head of the Cabinet in 1753, at the age of three-and-forty. This singular man, whose destiny it was to bind to each other two Powers so dissimilar as Austria and France, was a curious compound of Germano-Slavonic solidity and French versatility and vice. His ponderous gallantry amused the circles, and even the theatres of Paris; but to all the shafts of satire he opposed the most imperturbable coolness. When Maria Theresa attempted, in a graver way, to remonstrate with him on his evil life, he answered with his usual self-possession:—"Madame, je suis venu ici pour parler des affaires de V. M. non des mœurs."

Kaunitz's love of France was equalled by his hatred of England; yet he had the tact to prejudice George II. against Prussia, the natural enemy of his imperial mistress, by taking advantage of the satirical propensities of Frederic the Great. The old ministers Bartenstein and Uhlefeld clung to the English alliance. The proud islanders were very odious, but their gold was good. Kaunitz, however, contrived to find the philosopher's stone, by which he was enabled to extract that useful metal even from France. The impeccable Theresa had to stoop very low. "Madame, ma chère sœur et cousine"—thus she commenced a letter to Madame de Pompadour. All this was done in the interest of religion, for Protestantism was to be crushed in the person of Frederic the Great. Fortune did not, however, at first, smile on the champions of the Church. The battle of Prague, of musical memory, was lost; and although Daun was victorious at Collin, the crushing defeat of Leuthen was a sad blow to the pride of the empress. "How did you capture these fellows?" said Frederic to one of his soldiers, who was driving before him some seven Austrians, like a flock of geese. "May it please you, sire, I surrounded them," was the answer. Even before this, the French had been beaten at Rossbach, and the contingent of the German empire which fought along with them had changed its name of *Reichsarmee* for that of *Reiss-aus-armee* (Run-away-army). A greater than Count Daun arose to assist the falling cause of Austria, in the person of Loudon, a Livonian of Scotch descent. His red hair and unlovely countenance had prejudiced Frederic against him; and his services, which had been volunteered, having been declined, he went to Vienna, where he was taken by the hand, and rose rapidly under the protection of Kaunitz. Loudon could oppose to the great Prussian king a genius for strategy hardly inferior to his own; but money was not to be had. The proud islanders, with their subsidies, were much missed. Frederic "kept the last dollar in his pocket," and built the huge pile of the New Palace at Potsdam, to show that he had done so. "Dear Silesia" was left with "the bad man."

Kaunitz did better service to Austria by getting rid of the Jesuits than by concluding the alliance with France. The Jesuits, indeed, had to thank him for little. Pombal, Aranda, and Choiseul had all been ambassadors in Vienna, and followed the lead of the "driver of the European coach." Dr. Vehse gives in her own words and spelling, the note which Maria Theresa appended to the memorandum which Kaunitz sent to her on the subject of the partition of Poland. Its language is very strong. One of the expressions is, "In dieser Sache wo nit allein das offbare Recht himmel schreient wider uns ist, u. s. w." Poland fell nevertheless.

The oddities of Kaunitz, which were very numerous, are amusingly detailed in this book; but for them and for many anecdotes of Joseph II., we must refer the reader to its pages. Further than the death of Joseph II. we should not care to follow Dr. Vehse, even if our space permitted us. Histories of this gossiping kind become less valuable the nearer we approach to our own times; for many persons who could give most valuable information remain silent from fear or delicacy. The hour has not yet come for writing the disgraceful story of the Austrian reaction. Before it arrives, we may see strange changes. Kaunitz said, "It takes a hundred years to make a great man in Austria." Joseph II., with all his faults, was undoubtedly a great man. Will the modern Lower Empire live long enough to produce another?

EASTERN HOSPITALS, AND ENGLISH NURSES.*

IN spite of the evident carelessness and probable haste with which "a Lady Volunteer" has jotted down her twelve months' experiences in the hospitals of Koulali and Scutari—in spite also of the slip-slop style of the composition, and the gaudy embroidery that overlays a narrative the merit of which could not but be greatly injured by such misplaced decorations—there is much in the two volumes before us to excite our deepest interest, our highest admiration, our sincerest pity, and our

warmest indignation. Endowed with a lively imagination, and with that facility of expression which is common enough now-a-days, and which is but too often more of a bane than an advantage to the possessor, the authoress recounts what she has seen and felt in language which sometimes cheats us into the fancy that we are reading a romance, and not a true and literal statement of facts. But we can scarcely wonder that it should be so. The same spirit which inspired the Lady Volunteers to assume their painful and arduous office may naturally, in some cases, seek expression in a high-flown and exaggerated style of writing, though the plainest and simplest words would in reality be more impressive. It is necessary to bear this in mind whilst reading these volumes, or we may be led to place less reliance on the statements contained in them than they really deserve.

With the details of the organization of the first detachment of nurses sent out to the East, the public is already familiar. Of the fearful state of affairs which they found prevailing in the hospitals at Scutari on their arrival, we have already had descriptions so graphic as almost to make us feel that we ourselves had witnessed those harrowing scenes. We will, therefore, pass from what the Lady Volunteer tells us on these subjects, to the other matters, of newer and equally general interest, on which she writes. Amongst these, one of the facts which has most struck us is the superiority of the Roman Catholic Sisters of Mercy over the Protestant nurses. For instance, at the time when the general and barrack hospitals at Koulali were most crowded with patients, the whole burden of attending upon them fell on the Sisters of Mercy, the majority of the volunteer ladies being ill, while the hired nurses were either in the same condition, or had been dismissed for intoxication and immoral conduct. At a later period, already tasked beyond their strength, the sisters cheerfully took the additional labour which illness or death amongst the lady-staff had imposed upon them; and so admirable was their method, so great their skill, that not one of the patients suffered in consequence of the diminution in the number of their nurses. On arriving at Koulali, the general hospital had been placed under the charge of the reverend Mother of the Sisters of Mercy, and it was owing to the skill and judgment which she displayed in its management that the hospital came to be styled "the model hospital of the East." The sisters' long experience in nursing, and in all matters connected with hospital work, gave them a great superiority over the lady volunteers, whom, however, they were always willing and glad to instruct in their methods. "Few of us," says the authoress, "had ever visited nuns before, and we often remarked the bright, joyous spirit which pervaded one and all; their work evidently was their happiness, and we often marvelled at their untiring industry. They never seemed to pass an idle moment, and in their leisure time they were always busy about some needlework or drawing." In another place, she says that, "up to the time that the sisters left Koulali for Balaklava, the utmost affection and interest continued to be shown them, not only by those who agreed with them, but by those who differed from them in religion—all appreciating the gentle courtesy they had displayed to every one, as well as their devotion to their work."

In painful contrast with this picture is the account given us of the hired nurses, whose conduct was so immoral, and their habits of intoxication so deeply rooted, that out of twenty-one who had been sent to the hospitals at Koulali, eleven were dismissed in the course of eight months. The conduct of others was very unsatisfactory, and although there were several who did very well under a lady's superintendence, there was not one, with the sole exception of a Mrs. Woodward, who had come from Oxford at Dr. Acland's recommendation, who could be trusted alone. Can we have more convincing proofs how unfitted hospital nurses, taken as a class, are for the responsible office which they have hitherto filled, or how requisite it is that they should have the same kind of training for their work as that which has rendered the Sisters of Mercy so superior to them in every possible respect? A reformation in this department is one of the blessings which will, we may hope, compensate us for some of the suffering brought upon us by the war. When our nurses shall have received, under Miss Nightingale's auspices, an education which will teach them to work, not for money, but in a generous spirit of sympathy and devotedness, there will be no reason why every one of our hospitals at home should not, in regard to nurses, be quite equal to the "model hospital of the East."

As to the employment of ladies, we think there are more reasons against than for it, and that the infusion of such an element into our system would not be likely, in the long run, to produce a good effect. We are, of course, speaking only of the future. As regards the past, we can only honour and admire our countrywomen for coming forward so nobly as they did in a period of great emergency, and under circumstances in which their efforts were sure to be incalculably beneficial. To picture them to ourselves, in the midst of the sick and wounded—giving them medicine and food by day, and by night keeping their vigils over the dying, in the long dark wards, lighted here and there by a dim candle—recalls some of the scenes of the middle ages, when women of all ranks and conditions were employed in similar labours of love. To give an idea of the amount of work performed by the nurses, we may mention that, during the short time the authoress was at Scutari, the number of patients allotted to herself, another

* *Eastern Hospitals, and English Nurses: the Narrative of Twelve Months' Experience in the Hospitals of Koulali and Scutari.* By a Lady Volunteer. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1856.

lady, and a hired nurse, was about 1500. Their life was, as may be imagined, a laborious one. They had to sweep out their own room, make their beds, wash up their dishes, and fetch their meals from the kitchen. They went to their wards at nine o'clock—returned at two for dinner—went back again at three, unless they took a walk, from which they returned to their tea at half-past five—then to the wards until half-past nine, sometimes for an hour longer. When the night-work was established at Koulali, a few necessary modifications in the arrangements were introduced—the ladies, accompanied by the hired nurses, taking the duty in rotation. The authoress gives a very graphic description of this night-nursing, and of the storms that would occasionally sweep over the hospital, when they were engaged in it. The rain descended in torrents, and the wind sometimes rose so high that it was impossible for them to keep their lanterns alight while they were crossing the yards; while the sky was so black that they could scarce discern the sentries at the gateways, who would challenge them with the loud cry of "Who goes there?" to which they would reply, "A friend," and then receive for answer, the words "Advance friend, and say, All's well!"

The management of the cooking in the extra diet kitchens, and the seeing that the patients were fed at proper times, constituted, in the authoress's opinion, the most important part of the nurses' work. The account she gives of Miss Nightingale's extra diet kitchen at Scutari is so amusing, that we will quote it *in extenso* :—

From this room were distributed quantities of arrow-root, sago, rice-puddings, jelly, beef-tea and lemonade, upon requisitions made by the surgeons. This caused great comings to and fro; numbers of orderlies were waiting at the door with requisitions. One of the nuns or a lady received them, and saw that they were signed and countersigned, and then served them.

We used, among ourselves, to call this kitchen the tower of Babel, from the variety of languages spoken in it, and the confusion. In fact, in the middle of the day, everything and everybody seemed to be there. Boxes, parcels, bundles of sheets, shirts, and old linen and flannels, tubs of butter, sugar, bread, kettles, saucepans, heaps of books, and of all kinds of rubbish, besides the "diets" which were being dispensed; then the people, ladies, nuns, nurses, orderlies, Turks, Greeks, French and Italian servants, officers, and others waiting to see Miss Nightingale; all passing to and fro, all intent upon their own business, and all speaking their own language.

The labours undertaken by the lady volunteers were only equalled by the discomforts to which they had to submit. Their diet, during the early days at Scutari, consisted of the coarse sour bread of the country, tea without milk, butter so rancid that they could scarcely touch it, very bad meat, and porter. It was an effort even for those who were in health to sit down to such meals, and those who were weak and ill could not touch them. At night they were tormented by vermin—"light cavalry" and "heavy dragoons," as well as rats, which used to race over their bed-rooms and even jump upon their pillows. The greatest annoyance, however, which they had to undergo arose from the conduct of the hired nurses. "None but those who knew it," our lady volunteer writes, "can imagine the wearing anxiety and the bitter humiliation the charge of the hired nurses brought upon us, for it should be remembered that we stood as a small body of Englishwomen in a foreign country, and that we were so far a community that the act of one disgraced all." One great mistake which had been committed was putting the hired nurses on a footing of equality with the ladies, who were consequently compelled to listen to their bad language and to endure their coarse insolence. Little did those who objected to ladies going out as nurses to the East, on account of the evil words which they imagined would fall upon their ears, think that they would be condemned to suffer in this respect from their own sex, and not from the soldiers, of whose delicacy of feeling and perfect propriety the authoress thus speaks :—

Whether in the strain of over work or the steady fulfilment of our arduous duty, there was one bright ray ever shed over us, one thing that made labour light and sweet, and this was the respect, affection, and gratitude of the men. No words can tell it rightly, for it was unbounded, and as long as we stayed among them it never changed. Familiar as our presence became to them, though we were in and out of the wards day and night, they never forgot the respect due to our sex and position. Standing by those in bitter agony, when the force of old habits is great, or by those in the glow of returning health, or walking up the wards among orderlies and sergeants, never did a word which could offend a woman's ear fall upon ours. Even in the barrack-yard, passing by the guard-room or entrances, where stood groups of soldiers smoking and idling, the moment we approached all coarseness was hushed; and this lasted not a week, or a month, but the whole of my twelvemonth's residence, and my experience is also that of my companions.

We must find room for one or two instances of the gratitude which the soldiers felt towards their nurses :—

In No. 3, lower, was M—; he was the only one seriously ill in the ward, so that a lady sat up one night for his sake only. This he knew, and he was quite distressed about it, and did nothing but cry, for he was very weak. "Really, M—" said she, "it is useless for me to sit up, if you are going to make yourself ill about it, in this foolish way. I am quite strong enough to sit up till the morning, when I shall go to bed; but it is mere waste of time to come, if you are going to cry in this way all night." "I can't bear it," said he; "to see you running about, and tiring yourself for me." At length, she succeeded in quieting him; and when the morning came, finding him better, she left him. Shortly after, the lady of the ward came in to her daily work, when he eagerly inquired after his night nurse; and though he was assured of her perfect health and well-being, again did his tears begin to flow at the remembrance of what he had taken it into his head to fancy was such very hard work.

With regard to writing letters for the soldiers, the lady volunteer says—

Very often we wrote letters home for them from their own dictation; we sat on their beds to do it, for there were no other seats of any kind. It often

struck us, the eagerness with which they accepted our offer to write a letter for any of them—they hardly ever asked us to do so—they seemed to be so resigned to everything, that it was quite a surprise to them to be able to have a sheet of paper and an envelope placed at their disposal, still more a friend's hand to write for them; and then they were so full of solicitude—"Were we not too tired to do it? or, was it not uncomfortable sitting on that there bed?" Very often they had not a word to say, but trusted entirely to the lady.

"What shall I say?" we began with.

"Just anything at all you like, Miss,—just the same as you writes your own letters home. You knows how to make up a letter better than I do."

"But how shall I begin?"

"My dear Thomas," the lady writes on, hoping dear Thomas is well, and informing him of the illness and whereabouts of his friend.

Then she inquires, what relation the said "dear Thomas" is to him.

"Oh! he's just my father, Miss."

She suggests the propriety of addressing him by his usual title.

"Oh! never mind, Miss; it's all the same—it will do very well."

But to return to the hired nurses. Another great mistake had been committed in making no distinction in the hospital costume adopted for them and for the ladies. The thing may have looked very pretty in theory, but a little consideration might have shown that women of no education or refinement of feeling would be sure to take advantage of anything which put them apparently on a par with those whom they had hitherto been accustomed to regard as their superiors.

It may not be generally known that it was in consequence of an alteration in the routine observed at Koulali that the majority of the ladies left the hospital. Dr. Hemphrey, considering the health of the patients much amended, and finding no difficulty in procuring whatever was required from the purveyor's stores, issued a general order that nothing was to be given henceforth except under the diet rules. The ladies' plans of nursing were consequently upset; and though they saw the reasonableness of Dr. Hemphrey's regulations, they felt that, their principal occupation being gone, it was better that the majority should resign. Five of them accordingly did so—General Storke receiving their resignations in the kindest manner, and regretting their departure, but agreeing in the wisdom of the decision. After the ladies had left, the barrack hospital was appropriated to the German legion; and the services of those who had remained at Koulali, after the others had taken their departure, being no longer needed, Miss Nightingale made arrangements for their joining her staff at Scutari.

THE GODSON OF AMADIS.*

IT would seem, judging from the general character of the works which are constantly issuing from the foreign press, as if French writers could not hope to render their productions acceptable to their readers unless they infused into them certain ingredients which would certainly prevent their favourable reception by an English public. It is deplorable to witness the extent to which this vicious taste prevails amongst our neighbours. We can scarcely take up a modern French novel without lighting upon something calculated to raise a blush upon a woman's cheek—something which she would find it impossible to read aloud. Moreover, there is often such a want of point in the *double entendres*, and the questionable allusions and incidents are frequently such mere excrescences upon the story itself, that it would be improved rather than injured by their removal. This is especially the case with M. Scribe's *Filleul d'Amadis*, which, if it were submitted to a very easily performed process of purification, would be as graceful and pleasing a little story as one could desire to read. The fact of its being a tale of chivalry renders the impropriety which disfigures some portions of it less reprehensible, perhaps, than if the scene had been laid in modern times; still, it is a pity to revive any characteristics of the past which are likely to injure the purity of the mind, especially when there is so much connected with the habits and tone of feeling prevalent during the middle ages that is "lovely and of good report."

Having said thus much against the faults that prevent us from unreservedly recommending the *Filleul d'Amadis* as a tale which may be placed in the hands of young persons, we gladly pay our tribute to the originality, playful wit, and graceful conduct of the story, as well as to the easy, flowing style in which it is written. The hero, Florestan, is an *enfant trouvé*, whom Guilan le Pensif, a knight who had turned hermit, finds one day laid on a mossy bank at the entrance of his hermitage. He adopts him as his son, and after having confided him to the care of Danolette, the wife of a farmer in the neighbourhood, sets forth to seek for fitting persons to act as sponsors to the child. After many adventures, he succeeds in meeting with two valiant knights, Galaon and Amadis, sons of Perion, King of the Gauls, and Sardamire, a Princess of Sardinia, who consent to take upon themselves the office. After the ceremony, Guilan le Pensif informs the sponsors that Notre Dame-des-Heurs had promised him that the wishes offered up for the child at his baptism by his godfathers and godmothers should be heard and fulfilled. Accordingly, Amadis, bending over the babe, says, with a smile, "Grant that he may be happy, and in order that he may be so, may he never love but one." Galaon comes next—he gaily exclaims, "May he be happy, and to be so, may he be beloved by all womankind." Sardamire hearing this, and inspired by a

* *Le Filleul d'Amadis, ou les Amours d'une Fée.* Par Eugène Scribe. Bruxelles: Meline. 1856.

virtuous indignation, cries out, "And may he never be able to call a woman his own." It is upon the influence which these contradictory wishes exercise on the life of Florestan, and the consequences produced by them, that the interest of the whole story turns. His grace, beauty, and perfect chivalry captivate all hearts. Even Sardamire, his prudish and severe godmother, cannot resist him; but he is never successful in his suits, for just when he is on the point of obtaining his wishes, some hindrance or other is thrown in his way. These obstacles are the work of Viviane, a fairy beloved of Merlin, who, in answer to her pressing entreaties, had consented that she should become a woman for a single hour. During that time, she sees Florestan, falls in love with him, and thenceforth constitutes herself his guardian angel, inspires his heart with love towards her, and at last reveals herself to him at the *Lac des fées*. Merlin discovers that Viviane loves Florestan. For a time, he is fearfully jealous, and behaves most tyrannically towards the poor little fairy; but after a while, his better nature triumphs, and when Viviane, throwing herself into his arms, exclaims, "My benefactor, my father, your child cannot be happy without your consent; you who are so good and generous, can you refuse it?"—Merlin replies, with emotion, "No, no; I will not render three unhappy; it is better that there should be but one sacrificed, and that it should be myself." Thus the wishes offered up for Florestan were accomplished. He had never loved but one—he was beloved by all—and as Sardamire had sworn, he had never called a woman born of earth his own; for he had ever remained faithful to his celestial companion, the fairy Viviane. "And here," concludes the author, "finishes the manuscript of the Abbey of Chaalis."

This reminds us that we have yet to give our readers a sketch of the opening of the story, which in our opinion is the best part of it. M. Scribe informs us that he had been spending part of his vacation at Morfoulame, Chantilly and Ermenoville. Whilst passing through the latter village he chanced to hear that there was an abbey in the neighbourhood, and on making inquiry from a boy, who was playing a barrel-organ, as to whether this was true, received for answer that it was. "Can I see it?" he asked. "It is dangerous, for it is all in ruins." "Ruins, real ruins?" M. Scribe exclaims, all that he had hitherto met with having been antiquities more or less modern. "Oh yes, very ancient," answered the boy. M. Scribe next inquires where the abbey is situated, and whether the little fellow will show him the way thither. The night had fallen ere they reached the edifice, which was situated in the very heart of a forest; but as M. Scribe had gathered from his guide that part of it was inhabited, he trusted that the good monks would be able to give him a night's lodging. And now we will leave him to tell the remainder of the story in his own words:—

After wandering about some hours, we came to a court, but the fog which prevailed at the time rendered it impossible for me to guess its extent. I almost fell over the stones that were lying all about. I also felt with my hand that there were portions of columns standing here and there, and I thought I could distinguish the remains of arches far above my head. I could see no one to whom I could address myself; at last I perceived a glimmer of light, and making sure that it indicated the whereabouts of the good fathers, I dismissed my guide and directed my steps towards it, resolved to ask hospitality for the night, and the next day permission to visit the ruins. As I approached, the light increased in intensity, and what I had taken to be a cell, turned out to be an immense cloister, composed of a series of arcades, and protected from the open air by windows. I penetrated into this cloister, and found myself in a kind of ambulatory, such as one scarcely ever meets with excepting in convents; the place was so sumptuously lighted and well warmed, that I exclaimed to myself, "Well, here are some good monks who understand how to make themselves comfortable, at any rate, and God does not forbid us to keep ourselves warm and have plenty of light."

No one, however, appeared, and a little intimidated by the silence and solitude which reigned in this pious retreat, I did not dare to enter the rooms, the glass doors of which opened upon the ambulatory, but I ventured to peep through them. The first door gave admittance to a large wide staircase, which led, no doubt, to the apartments occupied by the Abbé and the monks; the glass door adjoining had curtains hanging before it, but I managed to see between them into the interior of the chamber. This room, in which I expected to find the monks engaged in conference or at prayer, was hung with rich crimson damask, and filled with gilded furniture, while the floor was covered with Aubusson carpet. I even fancied that I saw a piano. I was deceived, of course, it must have been an organ.

The next apartment into which I looked through the opening in the curtains was ornamented with large paintings, the subjects of which I could not make out, but doubtless they were portraits of saints. From the middle of the ceiling hung four lamps of *or-molu*, but what was my surprise on looking more narrowly to find that these lamps, whose brilliant shining I had fancied was destined to show relics placed beneath, lit up a billiard table! Yet, after all, and in a modern convent, what more amusing and innocent exercise could be permitted to these good fathers?

As to the adjoining room, it consisted of a library, planned in a style which harmonised well with a pious and learned brotherhood, such as that of the Benedictines, for instance. But what astonished me more than anything, was to find all these vast apartments lit up, and yet deserted! Another thing which astonished and puzzled me, was that I fancied I had seen, on one of the chairs in the library, a lady's mantle and bonnet. At first I imagined I must have been mistaken, but the longer I looked the more impossible I found it to doubt.

I then recalled to mind that my guide had not been able to tell me by whom the abbey was inhabited, and I might be, after all, in a nunnery; but even under this hypothesis, the mantle was so elegant, and the bonnet so small, I mean so entirely in the fashion, that at first it had escaped my notice altogether.

To whom could I apply in order to gain some positive information? The silence which reigned in this vast abbey was contagious; it had by degrees gained upon me, and I walked on tiptoe to the further end of the cloisters. There a slight noise of glasses and forks made me fancy I must be approaching the refectory, where the community would be assembled at this hour; and this explained to me at once how it was that the other apartments were deserted. So I approached very softly, and peeped in at the window,

delighted to think that at last I should be able to find out whether the convent was inhabited by monks or nuns.

Both sexes were present! and what redoubled my astonishment was that I found myself *en pays de connaissance*! The abbé and the gracious abbess his wife were my neighbours in Paris. The community around them was composed of reverend brethren of lively disposition, and charming nuns, who, having retired from the world for a season, had come to Chaalis to fulfil a vow of gaiety. This modern abbey, in which elegance and good taste reigned, had been built near the ruins of the old convent.

I was pressed to accept an hospitality, which my host and hostess offer with so much grace to all their acquaintance who may chance to pass by that way, no matter how numerous they may be, for Chaalis is extensive enough to accommodate Count Ory himself and his fourteen chevaliers.

It is during his visit at the abbey that M. Scribe reads the old MS. containing the history of Florestan. His hostess, on learning what a treasure she possesses in this volume, begs her friend to translate it. With the conversation that takes place between them on the subject, we will take our leave of this little book, which, with a little purification, would be a charming one in all respects:—

"To possess a treasure without any one being aware of it," said my hostess, "is not to enjoy it. Supposing," she continued, with a very sweet smile, "I were to beg you to translate this MS. of Chaalis?"

"Me, Madame?"

"In order to make it known."

"It would be the very way to render it more unknown! In these days, when nobody reads, when we have not courage enough even to cut open the leaves of a pamphlet, can you expect that any one will touch a quarto? Never: it is too long."

"You might abridge it, as M. de Tressau has done with his tales of chivalry, and give only a sort of abstract."

"I do not possess, Madame, M. de Tressau's ability; besides, what was possible in his time, is so no longer. The bare idea of publishing a romance of chivalry at the present day!"

"And wherefore not?"

"The idea of painting an ideal world—a world in which virtue, simplicity, and *naïveté* reign—at this epoch of lies, of shams, of pretensions, and of charlatans!"

"It would be original."

"Only think of speaking of loyalty and disinterestedness at a period of speculation and stock-jobbing, in which the highest in rank descend from their elevation to gamble at the Bourse, where everything is sold, even honour itself!"

"Just another reason for it—the lists of the tournament against those of the counter—the preux paladins contrasted with brokers—it will be delicious."

"It may be so; but to speak of a gallantry at once refined and discreet, of eternal constancy, in a century of *lorettes* and of *dames aux camellias*!"

"It would be something new, especially as people are beginning to get tired of vice, and it would be a pleasant little change for them."

"But, Madame, there is here," and I showed her the MS., "a cavalier who, because he had displeased the lady of his love, swore never to raise the visor of his helmet, never to speak, and, I almost fancy, never to eat, till he had obtained her pardon—and you really wish me to exhibit a hero like this?"

"Certainly; no one saw anything at all equal to it at the exposition."

"Nothing frightens you, Madame; but what will you say when I tell you that the heroine does not appear until the middle of the book?"

"Indeed! well, but it is not a bad thing that a pretty woman should make people wait for her. I know that I take care not to be amongst the first arrivals at a ball or at a theatre, and I approve of the heroine keeping herself back so long."

"But from the commencement to the end, the book is full of errors, even the title does not explain itself. You do not find out till the very last page why the hero is more especially the godson of Amadis than of the other godfather. That is a great defect."

"Defects, defects! who has not got them? no one is perfect. Besides, sir, it is not your own child, but a foundling that I ask you to introduce to the world—"

"But, Madame,—"

"But sir; and since we are on the subject of chivalry, you said you would render me a service. I have your promise and I require its performance."

I bowed, and the same evening began the translation, or rather the abstract, of the MS. of Chaalis, which I abridged as much as possible, but which I fear my readers may think is still too long.

THE HISTORY OF A MAN.*

OUR readers have probably never read any of the writings of the Rev. George Gilfillan, but the name has been so much bandied about in newspapers that it will doubtless be familiar to them as that of a writer who, as some one wittily said, "fancies he is a great painter because he paints with a big brush." We have not read many of his critical essays, and those we have read excite in us but a tepid desire for more. He seems to us a very vain and foolish person, gifted with a great scattering-power of words, which he mistakes for eloquence; and he secures his audience in periodical literature by mingling personality with patronage, gossip with criticism, advice to bad poets with rhapsodies about great names.

A new book edited by him, and purporting to be written by one B. E., whose signature is attached to the preface—but really written by the Rev. George Gilfillan himself, as we soon discover, though we do not discover why the transparent screen of B. E. was chosen—undertakes to give the history—

of an enthusiastic votary of literature; and, as replete with sketches of and conversations with literary men of eminence, it will, I believe, be found interesting to one class; as containing many pictures of the most beautiful scenery in Scotland, to another; as filled with little incidents, and, here and there, with fresh characters, to another; as casting some light upon two different modes of intellectual and moral life—the literary and the clerical—and forming a *vade mecum* to young aspirants in both, to another; as a record of spiritual struggle, and, in some measure, of spiritual victory, to another; and as pointing, ever and anon, to the cheering rays of the "Coming Glory" of the Church of Christ, to another.

* *The History of a Man*. Edited by George Gilfillan. London: Arthur Hall and Co. 1856.

A sufficiently ambitious design; but your "big brushes" never condescend to anything lower than frescoes. The book pretends to be an autobiography; and autobiography has such charms that a very small amount of talent will suffice to rivet attention, if the narrator be sincere. It is indispensable, however, that he tell the truth. Unless we believe him to be recording actual experiences, our critical demands at once become rigorous—we cannot tolerate mediocre fiction. This *History of a Man* is unhappily neither sincere nor clever. The preface assures us that it is distinguished by "fearless truthfulness." Fearless it may be, especially of any rebuke from sense; but truthful it is not. There may be some autobiographical details interwoven with the narrative, but fiction is written on every page; and the fiction is feeble. We began to read it in the belief that it was a genuine autobiography, but in spite of the B. E. whom we supposed to be writing, an unaccountable resemblance in the remarks made by some of the characters to the remarks Mr. Gilfillan had already printed roused suspicions. And when, at page 68, Thomas Campbell is made to say, among other things, that "Wilson reminded him of the story about Goethe opening a German Annual, and pretending to be reading, while in reality he was improvising a whole volume of poetry—a bystander exclaiming, 'This man must be Goethe or the devil!'"—doubt was no longer possible. Campbell could not have said that in 1829, for the simple reason that the story was not published till 1832. After this, there was no longer any mystery in the fact that everybody in the book spoke like every one else, and all extremely like Mr. Gilfillan. In the last page a confession is made, which ought to have been made in the preface, that these speeches are fictitious; and the reader will probably hear with surprise that any one should have the vanity of making men like Campbell, Wilson, Jeffrey, Irving, and De Quincey, utter criticism, epigrams, and eloquence, all furnished by himself. But Mr. Gilfillan is fond of "big brushes." And as a specimen at once of his rhetoric and pretension, read this from the sketch of Sir D. Sandford, who was his Greek professor at Glasgow:—

I remember, with especial interest, his readings of Homer and the plays of Sophocles. There was, unquestionably, a spice of affectation in his manner; but as he went on, his enthusiasm mastered and sublimated it into genuine animation. His voice quivered with emotion; his arms, as they held the book, seemed to become winged with ardent excitement; and a kind of spiritual radiance—a cold glory, like the soul of snow—broke forth from his pale face, which remained pale still. The tones in which he pronounced certain Greek words, such as *πολυφλοιοιο θαλασσης*, or *αὐν ἀριστέων*, are still in my ears; and so is his deep yearning utterance of some of the wails of Medea, Agamemnon, Antigone, and Prometheus. I did not belong to any of these elder classes, but I often stole in to enjoy an intellectual and imaginative treat.

Whenever a man mentions the *πολυφλοιοιο θαλασσης*, we all know the extent of his Greek, and are perfectly at ease respecting his acquaintance with "the deep yearning utterance" of Medea, Antigone, and Prometheus.

The city of Edinburgh holds but a low place in Mr. Gilfillan's regard. The Edinburgh audiences laughed at his lectures, and Edinburgh critics have quizzed his writings. He is very severe on that tasteless city, and discovers that its atmosphere is unfit for genius:—

At present, almost all the celebrities of the modern Athens were originally natives of the provinces. Dr. Guthrie is a Brechin man; John Bruce is from the same place; Professor Blackie is an Aberdonian; Candlish is from the West, and so we think is Cunningham; Alexander Smith and Sydney Yendys, both now resident in Edinburgh, were both born in other parts of the land; Hugh Miller comes from Cromarty. With the exception of Hume, Jeffrey, and Sir Walter Scott, Edinburgh has never reared a really great literary character.

"With the exception of Hume, Jeffrey, Sir Walter Scott," is a delightful clause, especially if we compare with these names the names of Sydney Yendys, Candlish, Bruce, and Guthrie.

Some of the literary anecdotes are surprising examples of the feminine logic in which Mr. Gilfillan indulges. Here is one:—

I remember lodging, when a student, along with a doctor of laws and theology, since very eminent in the world. He had written a paper for the *Edinburgh Review*, and he and I expected great things, in more ways than one, from its insertion. One day, entering the apartment, I saw his countenance fallen. In answer to my inquiry, he went to a drawer, and showed me the unfortunate article, returned with a cold, polite note from Macvey Napier. Down fell all our golden castles in the air; but, on reflection, we both saw it was for the best. He has since repeatedly been invited to adorn the pages of that periodical with his contributions, as well as written for all the other leading Quarterlies.

The last sentence is coherent in its grammar, compared with the coherence of meaning in the whole passage. The "as well as written" links itself in a rough and ready manner to the "he has been repeatedly invited;" but what a gap is leaped over from the obscure fellow lodger to the man "since very eminent." If the leading Quarterlies had accepted the article which the *Edinburgh* rejected, there would have been some point in the anecdote; but the fact that a man early in life has an article returned, and many years later has his articles "adorning the pages of that periodical," does not strike us as either very novel or very suggestive.

To say that we have read this volume would be unjust. We began with the best intentions; but, on discovering that it was fiction, not autobiography, we were reading, our curiosity soon subsided; and as our appetite for imperfect grammar, redundant rhetoric, and wordiness, is not strong, we found ourselves "running through" the volume with all possible speed. As the book is meant to be a *vade mecum* to literary aspirants, those young

gentlemen may be interested to know how their great teacher manages to write his wonderful works:—

The pleasures of literary composition are accompanied, of course, not only with anxiety but with much labour. I am often asked, with real or affected wonder, how I can get through so much work of various kinds? My answer is—Sleep and system. I sleep eight or nine hours out of the twelve, and I never write after dinner or supper. I never have, at any time, written more than five hours a day, and I read at meals and odd moments. At Edinburgh I hurt myself, as I said, by sitting up late to study; and when I obtained a settled position, I said, "I shall throw down my pen every night at nine;" and, with the exception of three several times in nineteen years, I have kept the resolution. My present plan of life is this:—I rise at nine A.M.; go into a shower-bath; breakfast and read till half-past ten; write till one, when I dine, walk out, and perform calls, visits to the sick, &c., return to tea at five, write till nine, sup and read till eleven, when I uniformly go to bed.

If we might venture to advise the adviser, it would be to alter his plan a little, and only write at those "odd moments" he now devotes to reading. The literature of his country would then be without such works as this *History of a Man*, but in literature, the Rev. George Gilfillan *brille par son absence*.

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